

OCTOBER 1921

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SHADOWLAND



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VOLUME V

Expressing the Arts SHADOWLAND

The Magazine of Magazines

OCTOBER, 1921

Important Features in this Issue:

CURTAIN Franz Molnar
A new and piquant playlet by the famous Continental playwright and author of "Lilium"

RUDYARD KIPLING Frank Harris
A vigorous discussion of the British poet and novelist, as well as another of Mr. Harris' new Contemporary Portraits

EZRA POUND: Expatriate Poet... Alfred Kreymborg
Mr. Kreymborg considers the American poet in his own distinctive style

EXPRESSIONISM: Art's Latest Revolution
..... Sheldon Cheney
How it threatens our theaters as well as our exhibition halls

THE MOVIE REVOLUTION Herbert Howe
The Cloak-and-Suit Dynasty totters and the Photoplay begins to look up

THE BOVARYSM OF JULES DE GAULTIER
..... Benjamin de Casseres
Another typical De Casseres essay, this time dealing with the man he looks upon as the greatest living thinker

COCKTAILS AND PHILOSOPHY Archie Bell
A charming chat with Amelita Galli-Curci, the song bird

FROM REALISM TO ROMANCE WITH
EDWARD SHELTON Oliver M. Saylor
An interesting story of the young playwright and his contributions to the stage

JOHN MARIN Thomas Jewell Craven
Another art article, this time dealing with one of our foremost and most representative painters

Interviews with interesting people of the Stage and Screen, and departments devoted to Fashion and Beauty



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SHADOWLAND

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The Luxurious Siren of the Screen



John Marin

Reproductions of Two Representative Canvases
By the Well-known Artist
and

An impression of Gloria Swanson
by Wynn Holcomb



Painted from photograph by Hixon-Connelly Studios

Marion Randall



Painted from photograph by Freulich

Louise Glaum.



Two characteristic examples of the art of John Marin, who has brought his expression, especially in water-color, to a serene and distinguished beauty. Above, Mr. Marin's study, *Marine Island, Small Point, Me.* Right, another water-color, *Tree and Sea, Stonington, Me.* Both studies were loaned by Alfred Stieglitz



John Marin

By Thomas
Jewell Craven

ART, like all forms of life, has its cycles of development; its growth, decay and its reincarnation. Every movement tends toward standardized drawing and similarity of method, and on these principles the academy is founded, the impressive institution which symbolizes the death of the creative impulse. When the Impressionists became a school of specialists engaged in manufacturing sunny copies of nature, a band of young men arose and declared war on their mechanical stupidities: these young precursors also addressed their wrath against the fashionable realists of the day, and in their attacks modern art was born. The origin of the new painting differed in no respect from the rebellions of the past, but its evolution has been accompanied by a violence that cannot be matched in history. No conceivable eccentricity has been overlooked; impenetrable mixtures of crude pigment have been labeled masterpieces, and meaningless combinations of lines have been credited with extravagant spiritual significance. The effect of these formless productions has been most



John Marin

damaging: the public, never hospitable to new things, has practically been forced to believe that a man cannot be called modern unless he is marked by the sensational. In face of this unfortunate condition stands John Marin, an artist who has been content to travel his own unostentatious way, who has never been sensational, never screamed for popular adulation, and yet who is genuinely modern, whose work speaks in a definite contemporary voice.

Mr. Marin's life has not been characterized by thrill—
(Continued on page 75)

Top, a new portrait of John Marin, made for Shadowland by Alfred Stieglitz. Left, Brooklyn Bridge, an interesting etching by Mr. Marin, loaned for reproduction in this magazine by Mr. Stieglitz



MAE MURRAY

This vivacious little film favorite is now an independent star and her first cinema vehicle will be appropriately called "Peacock Alley"

Photograph by
Alfred Cheney Johnston



DIXIE O'NEIL

*A pretty Winter Gardener in
"The Passing Show of 1921"*



MARGARET SEVERN
Study by Maurice Goldberg



TERPSICHORE INCARNATE

*Nickolas Murray's unusual study
of the dancer, Desiree Lubowska*



GILDA GREY

*Goddess of that now
departing dance, the
Shimmy*

Photograph by
Abbe



GLORIA SWANSON

*An impression of the Paramount screen star
By Wynn Holcomb*



FIGURE STUDY

By Ichiro E. Hori

Ezra Pound: Expatriate Poet

By Alfred Kreymborg

OF all the Americans now living, half living or already dead, there is none more exasperating than Ezra Pound. If one were to indulge the pestilential practice of classification, one might be led to seek security in apportioning the man and his work to all three divisions: the man to the first, the artist to the second, the critic to the third. But there are so many contradictions to Pound, so many twists and somersaults, intrusions by P. T. Barnum (who, like Pound, was born in Hailey, Idaho), that any final classification would only confound the classifier. Besides, Pound is only thirty-six, and an effort to bury a man at that age may only serve to turn against the sexton and bury the sexton himself. That job has too many terrors for me.

Pound is now settled in Paris, tucked away in a small room up four flights of stairs in the Latin Quarter. He recently disowned London and the English, as in the year 1908 he forswore Philadelphia and the Americans. His present hatred towards Britain has not softened his feeling towards his own countrymen. Prince of our expatriates, he does not let slip one word of praise in the direction of the Atlantic, unless it be to commend South America. And yet—and here lies the irony of his situation—no one man has done more for the poetry of his country than Ezra Pound. As Carl Sandburg once wrote: "If I were driven to name one individual who, in the English language, has done most of living men to incite new impulses in poetry, the chances are I would name Ezra Pound." Pound lives across the way from Walt Whitman. Walt represents acceptance, democracy; Ezra favors selection, aristocracy. Walt spreads out like the sea; Ezra feels his way like a river. The one is inclusive, the other exclusive. But who would decry rivers? They are a means of communication, pickers and choosers of civilized places. Whitman discovered primitive, pioneer America, Pound seeks civilized America. His most persistent tribute to France is summed up in the word, civilized. And so, consciously or unconsciously, his followers back home have studied, copied, loved, hated, cursed or developed Ezra, because they, too—in their own way or in a fashion derivative from the expatriate—are groping towards an aristocracy, an individualism, a place where beauty for its own sake may start and flourish away from the market-place. The followers of



EZRA POUND

Whitman are not so numerous as those of Pound. Whitman's influence carries far more weight in Europe, Pound's in America.

America has given Whitman to Europe; Europe, Pound to America. It is another phase of Ezra's ironic career. He came to Europe in 1908, studied Spanish, Italian and French literatures, as well as the Latin and Greek, and even the Oriental—at second hand—and thru Imagism, born of French symbolism and Latin and Greek Hellenism, and thru Vorticism, child of French cubism, and now thru Dadaism, the present craze of the Continent, to which he is affiliated—which found its birthplace in Zurich, Switzerland—Ezra, the follower, has had followers in turn. And one wonders what his next step will be? Most of the folks back home have disowned him. Many of

those who learnt their first moves and measures from his researches into and adaptations of European poetry, call him by the nearest epithet. Do so wisely, perhaps, because they have evolved their own rhythm meanwhile. But having thrown aside his crutch, having learnt how to walk, each in his own stride, the scholars have forgotten, or chosen to forget the teacher. It is an old story in art. In Germany, Haydn taught Mozart. Later, Mozart not only outstripped Haydn, but served as Haydn's model—and Haydn copied Mozart. I suspect an analogy in the two Americans, Pound and Eliot. T. S. Eliot is another expatriate, settled in London and accepted, where Pound was denied, by the English. Eliot followed Pound and outgrew him, and now, according to some recent poems, Pound owes something to Eliot. As do many of the young English poets, notably Aldous Huxley, the three Sitwells, and others. This business of literary kinship is happily expressed in a poem of Ezra's:

*"I make a pact with you, Walt Whitman—
I have detested you long enough.
I come to you as a grown child
Who has a pig-headed father;
I am old enough now to make friends.
It was you that broke the new wood,
Now is a time for carving.
We have one sap and one root—
Let there be commerce between us."*

(Continued on page 70)



DENISHAWN
PERSONIFIED

Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn are the creators of that California center of the dance, Denishawn. Here Miss St. Denis and Mr. Shawn, who have done so much for the dance in America, are tirelessly working to teach the art of Terpsichore

Photograph by
Edwin Rower Hesser



MARILYN MILLER

Alfred Cheney Johnston's newest study of the dance divinity who has developed into Broadway's premiere musical comedy favorite. All last season Miss Miller was the central figure of the hit, "Sally"



Stage VS. Screen

Special Photographs
by Edwin Bower Hesser

Irene Marcellus recently deserted the stage for the motion picture screen. Miss Marcellus was one of the favorites of the Ziegfeld beauty squad and one of the most attractive and popular of the Broadway show girls



While the screen was capturing Miss Marcellus, the footlights won over Jane Carroll from the world of the cinema



Miss Carroll left motion pictures to appear in the new "Music Box Revue," produced by Irving Berlin and Sam Harris. Here her beauty stands out with cameo clarity



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

A BEAUTIFUL REVUE MOMENT

*Raymond Hitchcock and Betty Carsdale in a
costume song interlude of the "Ziegfeld Follies"*



Photograph by Nickolas Murray

DESIREE LUBOWSKA

Despite her name, Mlle. Lubowska is an American girl who is putting all her efforts at the present time into the creation of an American national ballet school



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

VIVIAN MARTIN

The comedienne who recently left the screen temporarily to appear in the stage farce, "Nearly Married"

Three interesting studies of Esther Howard are presented on this page. Miss Howard is one of the piquant personalities of the musical revue, "The Sweetheart Shop".



From
Out
"The
Sweet-
heart
Shop"



Photographs
© by
Moffett Studios



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

THE PIQUANT ANN

Tiny Ann Pennington has been the central figure of many a Broadway musical revue—which proves that size isn't everything. Miss Pennington is just as vivacious and appealing in the new "Scandals of 1921"

Keeping the Faith

By C. Blythe Sherwood

THERE are three Barrymores—Ethel, Lionel and John—and there are three Hulls—Howard, Shelley, Henry. One is deceased, but that makes him no less provocative, no less influential in the theater. In fact, the association Henry had with his elder brother was the cause of any fine thing he might do.

"It was a rare privilege to know a man like Shelley. He was seven years my senior, but we were brothers in every sense of the word. He was my confidant, my monitor. He helped me with clothes, quarrels, debts, studies, parts. Shelley is the tradition to which I must live up. He inspired me when he was playing in 'The Lasso', 'The Rainbow Girl', 'The Cinderella Man', 'Why Marry?' and 'Under Orders.' I always tried to emulate him, to fall in step, but he would keep ahead."

It was Shelley who enabled Henry to start on the stage, when the young boy-engineer, whose work had taken him from his home below the Mason-Dixon line to Canada, wrote that he wanted to get into New York—and act. Shelley, the year before, had played with Guy Bates Post, and he brought his kid brother to the star's attention. Mr. Post said that there would be a little part for him in his new production, "The Nigger."

Henry flung aside his engineer's compass and took up a stick of black grease-paint. What he had to reveal was a juvenile negro of tempestuous temperament. As this consumed but five minutes of his time, he was allowed to change into the guise of an old man, and come on in the following act with a few more lines. When William A. Brady saw the askew whiskers and the amateurish makeup, he groaned, "What is that?"

Eight years later, on reading the eulogistic criticisms of his new star, Henry Hull, in "The Man Who Came Back," he queried similarly—with different emphasis.

To return to great-grandfather Hull is to come upon the man who built the first church in Kentucky. He carried most of the bricks on his back to the distant site. Grandfather Hull was the captain of a ship that sailed along the Mississippi. He wore lace cuffs and diamonds in his jabot.

Father Hull edited *The Louisville Courier*, whose



Photograph by Moffett, Chicago
HENRY HULL

dramatic critic was Henry Watterson. When the third male infant was deposited at the Hull domain, Mr. Watterson, acted as godfather and dowered his Christian name.

At that time, Madame Modjeska, the Polish Bernhardt, was touring the South. She was dissatisfied with her press representative, and pater Hull was approached with the suggestion that he fill the position. It was thru his *circum-pullmangating* the country in advance of Madame's repertoire that the Hull lawyers, newspapermen, priests, and captains added to their versatility, a press-agent. This was when the family, heretofore unaffiliated with the theater, dispelled custom.

Howard was the first to succumb to the lure of the footlights. His debut was in "Florodora" as one of the sextet. Then he met the lyric Margaret Anglin in California; played with her in one of her Greek tragedies, became enmeshed

in her charms, married her, deserted the acting guild, and has been her efficient manager ever since.

Henry, the idealist of Shelley, promulgates the practicability of Howard. We were talking about plays and he explained why actors often appear to lack discrimination in selecting their rôles. "A home, a wife, two kids; that is why the public must be catered to," he said. "When you see an actor presumably enjoying himself in an inadequate play, remember he probably has a few bills to credit."

"What comes of it, if one makes a tremendous success in playing parts one detests?"

"The satisfaction of knowing one can 'act.' There is nothing I would love more than the opportunity to characterize romantic rôles. 'The Count de Bergerac,' for instance. Three hours of every day I spend in the public library hunting for plays, which, when I get the chance, and the public willing, I am going to do. But there is no sense in fighting against the tide now. Producers won't run the risk. And actors must live!"

"There is no need for hurry. Look what Jack endured before 'Justice' came along. All the time that he was playing 'The Fortune Hunter,' and other musical comedies, deep in his heart was the clandestine desire to

(Continued on page 69)



Photograph by Hoover

CHARLES RAY

The newest photograph of the popular screen star



Photograph by Apeda

CORLISS PALMER

Miss Palmer has the distinction of having won first place in the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920. In other words, she was selected by the notable jury of screen and stage authorities as the most beautiful girl to enter the international contest



Photograph by Abbe

WINONA WINTER

*A musical comedy favorite appearing
in the revue, "The Broadway Whirl"*



Photograph by Abbe

KYRA

*The exotic dancer is this season
lending a touch of Oriental color
to the Winter Garden revue*



DESHA

*Nickolas Muray's new study of the danseuse
who is now a member of the Fokine ballet.*

Curtain

By Franz Molnar

Translated by Benjamin F. Glazer

[This is a little sketch. I am tempted to call it "a study in dramaturgy"—but that would make it sound unduly important. "Curtain," then—the ending of the first act of a comedy.]

The characters are a woman between twenty-eight and thirty, a man of thirty-five or thirty-six, and a young man of twenty-eight.

The scene is a river bank. Across are blue hills veiled in the mists of an autumn morning. The river shimmers with opal tints. The leaves of the trees are yellow, red-dish and yellow-green. It is early in the morning.]

HE: (enters) What? You here?

SHE: (a bit frostily) As you see!

HE: Do you always get up so early?

SHE: The radiator in my room at the hotel made such a clatter this morning that I awoke at half-past six and couldn't fall asleep again. So I decided to get dressed and come down to the river to enjoy this perfect autumn morning.

HE: I'm always up and out at this time.

SHE: (does not answer. Looks across the opposite shore.)

HE: I seldom see you alone.

SHE: Really?

HE: Yes.

(There is a silence)

HE: I suppose it shouldn't be difficult to find a widow alone, if one sets one's mind on it.

SHE: On the other hand, it shouldn't be difficult for a widow to be left alone, if she sets her mind on it.

HE: Hm . . . shall I go?

SHE: I didn't mean just that. But . . . it's chilly . . . a dark, overcast day . . . on which people are apt to be frigid and their thoughts sad and gloomy.

HE: So I noticed. But I know the antidote.

SHE: What is it?

HE: A word. A word that warms the blood and makes the sun shine brighter.

SHE: For instance?

HE: For instance—Love.

(There is a pause)

SHE: How do you mean that?

HE: I love you. For two years I have loved you; for two years I have kept it secret. You have read it in my eyes; it shone in my every glance; it rang in every word I said to you.

SHE: Well?

HE: Well . . . that's all. Now we are alone, and I had to tell you. It has done me good to tell you. I love you, love you with the earnest devotion of a mature man in whom has been kindled not a fire of straw but a flame that burns slowly and steadily.

SHE: You talk like an emotional furnace-man.

HE: You are pleased to jest.

SHE: You are incredibly stupid. There is no limit to your stupidity.

HE: How so?

SHE: (turns to him laughing) Have you no sense of fitness? What time is it? Seven. What date is it? The twenty-ninth of September. What sort of day is it? A beautiful, sunny, warm, melancholy autumn day. Not at all. It is gloomy, damp, chilly, shivery, sad. It oppresses me as if I were in a damp cellar. I have just got up and have had nothing to eat yet. The water in my washbasin was unendurably cold. Even now I'm not really awake. I am in a frightful humor. And you must choose this moment to declare your love; your love that has taken two long years to kindle into flame; your love that refuses to consider the fitting time, the proper season. Such a declaration had more fittingly been spoken in the twilight of a boudoir, carpeted in velvet, draped with silk, and a cozy fire crackling in the grate. And I would be lying on the sofa, dressed in my daintiest negligée. A background, in short, which the sentimental novelists are wont to describe, and which, after all, is quite nice in real life . . . But in speaking here and now you have blundered grievously. You are in the plight of a man who, having invested his entire fortune unwisely, waits two years, then suddenly demands it back with compound interest. Your capital is lost. In a single moment you have spoiled everything.

HE: But . . .

SHE: You are too comically like the man whose hat the wind has blown into the Danube, and who stands on the bridge trying to retrieve it by making frantic, futile gestures toward the water far down below. The unique, the admirable thing to do in such a case is not to reach for your hat. Brutus murdered his father, and in olden times that was accepted as proof of his mastery over his natural filial instincts. The man who refrains from reaching after his hat which the wind has blown over the bridge will be the Brutus of the future. Nothing is easier than

patricide. When you men learn to resist the feebleness of your instincts, then you may boast of your superior strength and presence of mind. Dont speak now, dont stammer; you'd only be absurd. Now is the time for silence.

HE: Yes, I have blundered.

(There is a pause)

SHE: Grievously.

HE: I acknowledge it.

SHE: I am glad to hear it.

But at least you have learnt something—which may help you with women in the future. Candidly, I admit that had you found me at another time, in another humor you might have succeeded. Try to remember that a single moment decides whether a woman is

(Continued on page 71)

Sea-Lust

By Charles Divine

*I who never sailed the sea
Am always longing for a boat:
Masts of mine upon the sky
And love-o'-mine aloft.*

*Prow below the wind's caress
On tropic nights and singing spars . . .
I who never sailed the sea
Am steering by the stars.*

*Pearls or amber, lutes or love—
Or even figs—the cargo be . . .
But oh! I load a ship with dreams
That never goes to sea!*

Stage Art and Mol- nar

Photographs
by
Francis
Bruguiere



Two interesting examples of Lee Simonson's stage art are presented on this page; both settings used in the Theatre Guild production of Franz Molnar's "Liliom". At the left is the railway embankment, a remarkable example of imaginative stagecraft, and, below, is the courtroom in the Beyond, another singular setting.



Franz Molnar and Sauce Piquante

By Pierre Loving

AS a direct result of the success of "Liliom" as given by the Theatre Guild, the neglected Hungarian serious drama, it is asserted, has taken a flier. The next season will witness the production in New York of eight or ten plays originally written in the Magyar tongue. Melchior Lengyel, author of "The Dancer," is currently in our midst with a new play, and Molnar's "Fashions for Men" and "The Swan," it has been announced, are now in the process of being prepared for early presentation in the fall.

And not only is "Liliom," I believe, responsible for this prevailing vogue, but "The Devil" and "The Phantom Rival," also by the hand of Molnar, have left a savor of undeniable charm in the memory of those who saw both pieces, particularly the last named. These, together with "Where Ignorance is Bliss," are like a breath of recollected piquancy, a retrospect of pleasant mordacity and world-cunning and deep sophistication. Thus it is Molnar, more than any other Hungarian writer, who is chiefly responsible for the current demand for Hungarian plays, both serious and light in vein. To be sure, the dreamy waltzes of the Hungarian operettas have always enchanted American playgoers. There will, of course, be no dearth of these. But an influx and incursion of serious dramatic pieces from Budapest—plays that do not flirt with life but handle it with the indwelling earnestness of a Petöfi, the great Hungarian poet—this constitutes, by all odds, a phenomenon that is curiously strange and new to us.

"Liliom," which is, as I have said, in some degree the immediate impetus for this event, is only one of a series of plays by Molnar to achieve stage production here, attended by no small measure of popular success. Playgoers will recall at once "The Devil," "The Phantom Rival," and "Where Ignorance is Bliss." "The Phantom Rival," known as "The Wolf" in the original, is being revived in the form of a musical comedy or operetta, "Fashions for Men," which Benjamin Glazer is now engaged in turning into English, is bound, I think, to enhance Molnar's avid following and reputation.

On the firm basis of these five plays, apart from his numerous novels and exquisitely

written short stories, Franz Molnar will, I dare say, be ultimately assessed by the discriminating lover of good literature. It is quite possible that his narrative works may never win for themselves a wide audience outside his native land, as was the fate of the poet Petöfi and the novelist Mór Jókai. At the moment, however, we have four or five plays whereby to take stock of our own impressionist responses to the man; the man himself is happily still with us and in recording the emotional and intellectual infection we have caught from him, we may thank Heaven that we are not trying to pigeon-hole a parcel of literary dust.

Franz Molnar was born on January 12, 1878, in Budapest, the ancient city of Buda and the new city of Pest united by lovely spans of bridges suspended over the blue Danube. Even as Arthur Schnitzler distills in his plays and novels the quintessential spirit of half-dreamy Vienna, so Molnar pours into his work, as into a sculptural mold, the radiant, gay-colored metal of picturesque Budapest, his native city. Budapest is warm and iridescent with its noble architectural bridges, its wide-spaced boulevards, its splendidly paved streets and impressive public buildings; its superb opera house and theaters; its well-appointed shops and gaily displayed wares; its

churches and monuments and the gorgeous Gothic pile of its Parliament Houses. Budapest captures you instantly with its easy-going abandon to life, to the flitting moods of transient gaiety, to its fluent but slow, unhurried sense of the amenities of social existence.

The Hungarian is occasionally brisk in his surrender to pleasure, but rather lackadaisical, free from heart-burnings and regret, when engaged in the purely acquisitive pursuits. Superficially, this would argue a social landscape favorable to the production of art and literature, and in a fashion it is true that Hungary possesses such a scene. But, unlike the Latin temperament and setting, Hungary has no stimulating and great art traditions, no cumulative precedents which play so large a part in evolving a creative atmosphere. The Latin temperament is more tense, more sensitive to æsthetic currents, but (and this is a trait the
(Continued on page 66)



Photograph by Nicholas Muray

CORINNE BARKER

An interesting Stage and Screen Personality



HELEN LEE
WORTHING

One of the winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920, Miss Worthing's beauty attracted attention in the "Greenswich Village Follies" last season. This year she is prominent in the "Ziegfeld Follies"

Photograph by
Edward Thayer Monroe

Rudyard Kipling

By Frank Harris

[This is the fifth of Frank Harris' new series of contemporary portraits. The sixth, published next month, will deal with George Russell, "A.E."]

IF titles were honestly given, Rudyard Kipling would be known as the poet-laureate of the English in India. He has left little for any one else to tell of his boyhood and youth; his account of himself in "Stalky & Co." is fairly complete. From twelve to seventeen, the formative years, he lived the life of the ordinary English schoolboy and was happy and contented as "Beetles."

He was brought up in the big United Services College, near Westward Ho, described in that autobiographical sketch, and he was bred in the English military tradition, which has for its ideal the officer and gentleman type, and has been called justly enough the Kingsley tradition. Indeed, Kingsley's novel, "Westward Ho," was one of the chief literary inspirations of his boyhood.

At eighteen he went out, half educated, to his father in India and almost at once began work as an assistant editor on *The Civil and Military Gazette* and *Pioneer* in Lahore.

Two roads opened wide before him; the one led thru a study of Hindu to an intimate knowledge of Indian character, Indian art, Indian religion and aspiration, in fact, to the soul of India; the other thru companionship with the English soldier and English officer and the civil service Englishman to *genre* pictures of Anglo-Indian life.

This was the by-road and this the goal Kipling selected. Not in all his works, from the first to the last, would you get any idea of a reforming rebel like Ghandi or a great Indian poet and thinker like Rabindranath Tagore, who deserves to be classed with Lucretius, tho the modern singer-sage is using a foreign tongue.

But Kipling's talent is in inverse ratio to his genius; in spite of surface faults and especially an assumption of preternatural cleverness, he writes excellently and is a born story-teller of the first class. Even when we writhe most under his airy presumption of omniscience, as when he condemns our American Far West, root and branch, and indulges in

schoolboy generalizations, we can half forgive him for his direct, vigorous, painting English.

I remember him well when he first returned to England, I think about 1887, at twenty-two years of age; he had been heralded by some short stories issued in grey-blue paper-bound volumes by Wheeler the Indian railway book-stall publisher. I wrote to him and asked him to call some afternoon at the office of *The Fortnightly Review*, in Henrietta Street, Convent Garden. A day or two later, a short, sturdy, bullet-headed man presented himself and took us all captive by sheer simplicity and sincerity; his extraordinary verbal talent shone even in unaffected conversation. In a little while, won by our welcome and admiration, he came to *The Fortnightly* office nearly every afternoon and we had long confabs.

The break between us came over his poem, "Cleared," in which he lampooned Parnell and his lieutenants as associates of assassins, if not as assassins themselves. I did not wish to tell him that I would not publish the poem which had been for the most part written in my office; but I declared that it would suit *The Times* better than *The Fortnightly* and, as he was delighted to appear in *The Times*, I read the poem to the owner, Arthur Walter, and in due course it appeared in *The Times*.

This was the beginning of Rudyard Kipling's extraordinary vogue with the readers of that paper and indeed with conservative and conventional Englishmen everywhere. But nothing could have long postponed his popularity with that large and influential class. By his merits as by his defects, he was astonishingly equipped to be the laureate of the average upper-middle class of aristocratic Englishmen. He has traveled all round the world, apparently to confirm parochial English prejudices: he sneered at California and the Yellowstone, just as later he condemned the French when they differed with the English over Fashoda, and the Russians when they appeared to threaten British supremacy in Afghanistan. At the beginning of the world-war, he wrote of the Germans as a disease and coolly proposed to annihilate seventy millions of them to make the world safer for the English. In fact, he has

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MARGARET MORRIS
An unusual study of the well-known English dancer

Photograph by Yvonne, London



Above, a glimpse of the market. The effect of sunshine and shadow is altogether fascinating in this city of colonnades. Gay-colored awnings give a vivid touch to the ivory tinted buildings and afford an effective shelter from the merciless tropic sun. At the right is Morro Castle. Morro Castle, or to give it the name it was christened, Castillo de los Tres Reyes del Morro—Castle of the three Kings of Morro. The flash from the light tower is the first welcome that Havana gives to her visitors and the last farewell

Havana

Special Photographs for
SHADOWLAND by Sherril Schell

Havana has become the refuge of the New Yorkers in these arid Volstead days. Aside from this, the old Spanish city of the Indies has decided historical interest and unique atmospheric charm





The view of Havana from Cabanas fortress, over the sapphire bay, brings back memories of Venice. The fishing boats with their outspread sails and the gleaming domes of the city beyond have for years been the inspiration of the Cuban artist and poet



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

FLORENCE O'DENISHAWN

In a charming dance moment, "The Legend of the Cyclamen Tree," of the "Ziegfeld Follies"

The Bovaryism of Jules de Gaultier

By Benjamin de Casseres

HENRI BERGSON was one of the fashionable freaks of French philosophy. He never said a foolish thing—and never said a wise one. He was a vogue—like Pastor Wagner or Doctor Crane.

Jules de Gaultier, closely allied to the immortal group of the *Mercur de France*, and one of the few close friends of Remy de Gourmont, is the greatest living thinker in the world today. He will never be popular. His thought is aristocratic. He will sieve down to the public thru innumerable Doctor Cranes and other secretaries and foot-servants to the Olympians. He is nearly sixty and lives in the Côte du Nord. He has lately begun to appear in English in a series of articles on art and the war in *The New World*, published in London simultaneously with the French edition in Paris.

It was, I believe, our great American Columbus, James Huneker, who first wrote about De Gaultier on this side. His name is heard more and more in France.

His books number about ten. He created the word bovaryism in his book, "Le Bovaryism." His philosophy is named after the "Madame Bovary" of Gustave Flaubert's, in whose great work he sees the ultimate wisdom.

I here expound the thought of Jules de Gaultier as I react to it.

Everything that is ultra-modern comes from Schopenhauer. He completed the work of Kant and inaugurated modernity. His "World as Will and Idea" and his essays were the starting points of Nietzsche, Wagner, Flaubert, De Maupassant, and Turgenev. Goethe himself admitted his debt to the philosopher of Frankfurt. His influence is universal. His ideas dominate those who have never read a page of his. Schopenhauer is the father of the modern world. He is a Columbus, a Copernicus.

Jules de Gaultier stems directly from Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. He is the author of five or six volumes which are the most complete and the most masterly studies of the Life-Illusion that exist. The formula of Schopenhauer, the great generalization of which everything was an expression, was "the Will-to-Live." Nietzsche's final generalization was "the Will-to-Power." De Gaultier's final generalization is "the Will-to-Illusion."

These three generalizations are not antagonistic one to the other. Jules de Gaultier accepts both the formula of Schopenhauer

and the formula of Nietzsche and demonstrates that they are parts of a supreme generalization still: the Will-to-Illusion. All life is an expression of the will-to-live and the will-to-power, but both the will-to-live and the will-to-power depend for their very existence on the instinct to illusion that exists in every animate thing. The Will-to-Illusion, to unreality, to lie, is inherent in every life-movement. Movement itself cannot be conceived of without it.

Jules de Gaultier calls this universal truth—a truth from which depend among mankind those other two truths, the will-to-live and the will-to-power—Bovaryism, or the power that a being has of conceiving himself otherwise than he is (*se concevoir autre qu'il n'est*). Life is carried on by an act of the imagination perpetually repeated. Every human being sees himself as he is not. An ideal and a lie are one and the same thing. The life of Madame Bovary, or the Instinct to Romance, is the life, in one form or another, of every creature. Error, irrationality, a perpetual becoming, are the very bases of life. From the instinct to bovaryise, or to create the world as it exists imaginatively, flows all the comedy and tragedy of existence. It is the secret of history and the secret of religions. From the tragic viewpoint we are all Hamlets and Madame Bovarys; from the comic viewpoint we are all Malvolios and Don Quixotes.

The profoundest instinct in man is to war against the truth; that is, against the Real. He shuns facts from his infancy—from both his racial and individual infancy. His life is a perpetual evasion. Miracle, chimera and to-morrow keep him alive. There is no absurdity that he will not seek to perpetuate in order to escape the Dreadful Truth. He lives on fiction and myth. It is the Lie Chimeric that makes him free. Animals alone are given the privilege of lifting the Veil of Isis; men dare not. The animal, awake, has no fictional escape from the Real because he has no imagination. Man, awake, is compelled to seek a perpetual escape into Hope, Belief, Fable, Art, God, Socialism, Immortality, Alcohol, Love. From Medusa-Truth he makes an appeal to Maya-Lie.

Those few who pride themselves on their power to look the Real in the face without flinching eyes are as thoroly duped as the poorest clod.

(Continued on page 63)



SIEGFRIED SASSOON
A Vigorous Voice in the World of Poetry



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

MARY EATON

*Whose chaste charm is again a feature
of the "Ziegfeld Follies"*

The Movie Revolution

The Cloak-And-Suit Dynasty Totters

By Herbert Howe

FILMDOM has been shaken to its foundations. The movie revolution has rocked high thrones, and stellar heads lie all around, while tumbrels of high-salaried contracts pass sadly to the executioner's axe.

Whatever the cause—be it comets, censors or post-war dyspepsia—the effect upon Hollywood is terrible. That which once was a festal city, gay with scented actors in chariots of aluminum and alligator hide, is now as somber as the fields of Flanders. Where once they sang jazz ditties, the mood is now for "Death and Decay All Around" or "Hark From the Tomb a Doleful Sound."

The cloak-and-suit dynasty totters. Those who once pressed pants are returning to their irons. And those who tried to build a business of art on a foundation of scrap iron, old clothes and bottles may have to strap on their packs again.

It's sad and true. With a contrition that seldom comes save with extreme unction, industrial nabobs are making public confessions about extravagance and ruinous methods. They blame the stars and are lustily shearing these poor goats. It's the star that pays and pays and pays. But before the last trumpet sounds and the final balance is struck there are officials who may have to pay their share for the good time.

Magnates who take twenty per cent. for raising funds for their own companies; producers who send joy parties to New York to photograph six night "shots"; casting directors who exact gifts or percentage from the actors whom they hire; former office boys from the Ghetto sector who vote themselves three hundred dollars upon becoming studio "managers"; magnates who spend money cabling Dickens for his works; big-hearted chiefs who make stars of their friends on the ground that they have "sex-attraction"—all these and many more must take the count if the championship is to stay in America.

Making a movie adaptation of Nietzsche, I might say that the soul in chaos gives birth to genuine stars. I may even hope that it will give birth to genuine artists and business of-

ficials with artistic perception. But then, I've grown so Pollyannic from looking at pictures that I'm liable to expect caviar in a cafeteria.

The first thing I ever heard about the movie industry was that it was in its infancy. The last thing to date I've heard is that it's still in its infancy and a little croupy. These assertions of the picture's puerility come not from critics who have failed to sell scenarios, but from the industrial paters themselves. They seem to take a paternal pride in the infant-who-never-grows-up.

But an infantile heavyweight, twenty years of age, who still wears curls and walks pigeontoed is liable to get the reputation of being goofy. No matter how cute a tot may be, there comes a time when you get tired of seeing it play blind man's buff and postoffice.

There are producers who have realized this and have striven bravely to give us saner sentiment in the wrappings of Barrie, and even a little satire from Molnar and Schnitzler. Filmdom is paved with such intentions. Unfortunately, these attempts are usually spoiled in the production machinery and come out looking like the rest of the wash. Somewhere between the producer with the good intention, and the public for whom it is intended, the thing gets gummed up.

Who's to blame? That's the common question, and it's a twister. No one individual is to blame. It's the system. Most studio organizations are too much system and too little efficiency. Pictures are of art—or should be if they expect to live—and they can't be made in a button plant. Art is a thing of individual expression. The factors of picture production all dovetail so beautifully that there isn't a chance for individuality.

How then did "Broken Blossoms," "The Miracle Man," and "The Kid" come into being? They certainly demonstrate some intelligence and artistic perception. The answer is that they were created by artists of financial independence who were able to work deliberately and after their own convictions. They were not, for the moment at least, dominated by the dictates of "the market"—the distributing (Continued on page 62)



Photograph by Victor George

BETTY BLYTHE

One of the beauties of the screen and the cinema's
"Queen of Sheba"



PAULINE LELAND

*A "Ziegfeld Follies" beauty
who is now devoting her
time to motion pictures*

Photograph by
Alfred Cheney Johnston

Popular Idols

By Louis Raymond Reid

WHEN Thomas A. Edison prepared his inexhaustible list of difficult questions, he neglected to inquire "What are popular idols? Can you name ten?" Now, obviously, here are two questions that deserve a place in his examination paper. Yet by some strange sin of omission he has failed to insert them. Perhaps, because even he or his guardians of culture cannot answer them. At least, this is the most reasonable view to take.

One cannot explain popular idols accurately, because one is not certain just what they are. Just as you rouse yourself to a pitch of enthusiasm for a popular idol, you find that his popularity is ephemeral, evanescent or merely apparent, that overnight he has become an object deserving derision if not contempt. As for attempting to name ten of the species, the very idea is ridiculously futile. A meaningless enterprise suited only for perpetual debaters or incorrigible statisticians.

Most of us have thought—and fought—over this question of popular idols only to acknowledge ourselves beaten in the end. Where is Woodrow—the popular idol of 1918? Where is Al Smith, another popular idol of 1918? On the other hand where is The Hylan, the seemingly unpopular figure of 1921? Looming largely on New York's

political horizon and likely to be renominated and re-elected. Shaw said it many, many years ago. And Shaw was right. You never can tell. I can go into the popular idol lists daring to cry four names that I think can be shouted safely and enthusiastically in the streets of Gath and Ascalon. Four and no more—without running the risk of assault and battery. But I am not even sure about the four. I cannot be, with my eyes focused upon the history of the human race.

This, then, is my list and let the chips still stay upon my shoulders.

Babe Ruth, Georges Carpentier, Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford.

Babe Ruth is undoubtedly the greatest popular idol in this country today. However, those who are most sensitive to the fickleness of the public, i. e., theatrical managers, reporters, press agents and song-writers, declare that Ruth's popularity is

waning. He has overdone home run hitting, they say. He has made a thrilling and unusual thing commonplace. He has turned a trick into a habit. I have heard of tired business men, who last year traveled to the Polo Grounds to see Babe Ruth hit a home run and who left for home as soon as he had performed his miracle, tho it might have occurred in the first inning. Such tribute to genius simply could not endure. It was too exceptional, too worshipful.

Ruth monopolized the front page headlines all over the country last summer. He was astride of the nation, a true Colossus. There was no class of human beings that was not enthralled by his achievements. He was the physical ideal in man, asserting itself magnificently and modestly.

Now it would appear as if he were being obscured by his own shadow—a shadow that has been fattened by unimaginative baseball magnates. In their desire to cater to a public frenzied by home runs, the powers of the national game have allowed baseball to become an orgy of hitting. Everyone is batting home runs and even the tired business man grows more tired at every game. He wants the exceptional. He is getting the ordinary. Thus Ruth is a victim of his own prowess. *Sic transit gloria.*

Carpentier has captured the crowd as probably no other athlete has done within the memory of the present generation. For a time it appeared as if he were to make baseball but a memory. A consummate actor, a reincarnation of Grecian physical perfection, a figure of romantic appeal, he became an idol of America as he had become already an idol of Europe. In the hour of defeat his star continued to shine as effulgently as before, so overwhelmingly had he ingratiated himself in the hearts of the public. The world stopped revolving one day last July while it waited for Carpentier to prove himself the Superman. He was battered into submission but the world insisted upon calling him the Superman. He had dared to crumble a mountain. And his courage—bizarre, fanciful, unique—was recognized and rewarded.

With his acute sense of showmanship, he should rest upon his laurels. (Continued on page 74)



TILLA DUREUX

Photograph by Haldé, Munich

The German tragedienne and wife of the art publisher, Paul Cassirer, as Medea in the Berlin production of the tragedy

Shadowland Goes to the Theater

Drawings by Ethel Plummer



Franz Molnar has created an absorbing drama in "Liliom," which the Theatre Guild has presented on Broadway. "Liliom," which Molnar himself terms a "legend," deals with our earthly life and the hereafter. At the left is Dudley Digges as the wretched "Sparrow," who hastens the tragedy, and, at the right, is Helen Westley as the owner of the carousel at the Budapest amusement park



At the right is the meeting of Liliom, played by Joseph Schildkraut, and Julie, portrayed by Eva Le Gallienne, in the lonely park. Liliom is the roughneck barker of the carousel





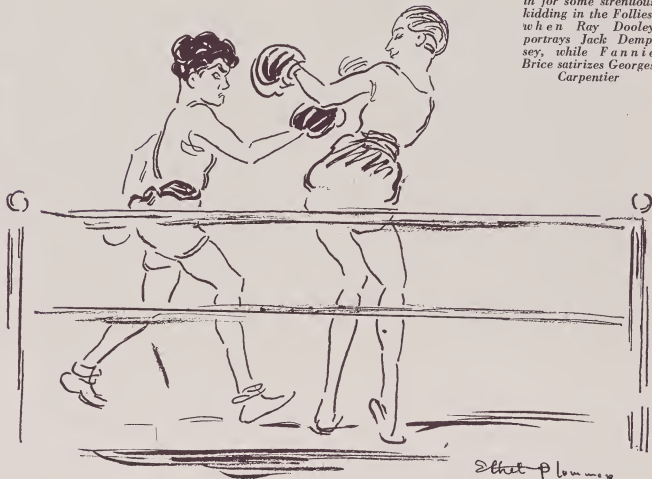
One of the beautiful moments of the new Ziegfeld Follies is "The Legend of the Cyclamen Tree," created by James Reynolds. This fantasy of Persia in the 12th century is danced by Florence O'Denishaun. At the right is Raymond Hitchcock, principal fun-maker of the Follies



At the lower left is W. C. Fields, who this season graduates from a comic juggler into a straight comedian. He is here portrayed as the deacon in "The Professor" number



The recent championship ring battle comes in for some strenuous kidding in the Follies, when Ray Dooley portrays Jack Dempsey, while Fannie Brice satirizes Georges Carpentier



Sketch by [signature]



Photograph by Ichiro E. Hori

ROSHANARA

The gifted British dancer whose work vibrates with the mysticism and color of India and Burma

Expressionism: Art's Latest Revolution

How It Threatens Our Theaters as Well as Our Exhibition Halls

By Sheldon Cheney

WE Americans are given to catch-phrases and catch-prejudices. We put forward our ideas in expressive short-cuts, slang or otherwise, which smack more of swift living than of meditation and the dictionary. Each year a new set of these terms sweeps the country with the swiftness and the pervasiveness of a "flu"-wave.

Unfortunately, our catch-phrase mind catches up prejudices with the same glibness. Consider "the isms." Good, bad or indifferent, innocent or guilty, the poor *isms* have been so soundly berated and so entirely damned by the journalists and near-thinkers recently that a critic runs strange risks when he rises to call attention to a new force in the world, no matter how important, if its name happens to end in the letters i-s-m. All of which is a cautious barrier intended to serve while I bring forward a subject—Expressionism—which not only suffers from this outward disability, but further offends popular prejudice by having to do with revolution. When I add that it is the nature of an art movement, and that many of its concrete manifestations in painting and sculpture seem, at first glance, to be either childish or just plain nutty, or at least to have suffered some sort of accident, the subject would seem almost hopeless. But by putting aside the catch-prejudice habit for a moment, the habit of condemning immediately anything that is unfamiliar, we will find here, I am convinced, the crystallization of the best out of many "modern" movements in art, and the beginning of a new era in the theater as well in the exhibition halls.

I think that on no other ground than an unthinking prejudice can one explain the general vagueness in this country as to what "Expressionism" is, and how far it has clarified or muddled—according to one's viewpoint—the normal art streams of Europe. In Russia, Germany and the German-influenced countries one can describe the movement only as an inundation. And in France and Italy the tide is flowing so fast that the academicians are

already hysterically crying "Flood, flood!" But the tide flows steadily on.

There are signs enough that America is ripe for great changes in its art world. Certainly, there is a growing conviction that academy painting is dead; that nine out of ten of the pictures hung are so obvious that they have no right to classification within any art that claims to be creative. Even the museums, the last strongholds of conservatism, in order to escape the recurring charge of obsolescence with antiquity, are opening their doors to semi-revolutionary works. Witness the remarkable exhibition of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings at the Metropolitan Museum this summer, which shows works up to the pre-Cubist period of only ten years ago. These are indications that America is ready for an overturn. That overturn will come with Expressionism. It is not that we must accept what has taken Europe; it is rather that we have come to the same *impasse*, that we must find some escape from the material and the obvious, and that history and logic point to the one solution.

Expressionism is not merely one more phase of the all-shot-to-pieces school of art. It is not merely a new method, with a technique, a tag and a manifesto of its own. It is rather the whole principle and practice of the bulk of the rebels in all the arts, beginning with the Post-Impressionists, and inclusive of such widely differing heretics as Kandinsky with his abstract "painting from the soul"; Epstein with his subjective but recognizable sculpture; the Synchronists with their expression of form solely thru color; Meyerhold with his "theater theatrical," and the "dynamic" architecture of Mendelssohn. Expressionism is, in short, the term which has gained acceptance as designating the lasting phases of all currents flowing against the centuries-old realistic tradition.

That tradition held sway for, roughly, five hundred years, expressing itself in painting and sculpture as a passion (Continued on page 59)



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

MARGALO GILLMORE

Who steps into stellar stage prominence this season

Cocktails and Philosophy

An Interview With Amelita Galli-Curci

By Archie Bell

AMELITA GALLI-CURCI, newest songbird in the greatest collection of warblers on earth, sat toying with a glass and occasionally sipping from what she was pleased to call a *prima donna cocktail*. First of all, let this cocktail recipe be given, that there may be no mistake. Galli-Curci invented it and she recommends it to all singers, male or female, singers of every age and clime—providing no other is taken—and she says she will guarantee that it's as much of a "bracer" as anyone who makes a business of singing should take. Fill a large glass with cool milk, even ice-cold if desired. Into it put one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, one tablespoonful of strong black coffee, stir vigorously and then drink slowly.

As I have said, Madam was sipping her cocktail slowly, because she was interested in a subject I had mentioned quite casually . . . that the critics seemed to notice a marked improvement in her voice, after it was announced that she had signed a contract to appear at the Metropolitan Opera. I expected some sort of reply revealing irritation because the critics had not praised her always in the earlier day, something to the effect that "I sing today exactly as I always have sung."

But no, instead she stirred the cocktail. "I know that my voice is more satisfactory to me than it used to be," she admitted. "For example, I never sang the aria from *Le Coq d'Or* as I sang it tonight. Mind you, I didn't sing it tonight as I want to sing it and as I hope to sing it—I don't mean that and I wouldn't for the world give the impression that I am ever satisfied; but I am a critic of my own voice, I too have ears and I use them, also I know what I want and strive to do, and I will say that I never before tonight detected that oriental or exotic tang of tone that I have striven to attain when singing that song. Yes, I am progressing and I am delighted if other critics of my singing are of the same opinion."

"Would you try to gild refined gold, try to paint the lily white and—?"

"Anyone, singer or anybody else, who is not constantly endeavoring to progress will retrogress," she interrupted.

"Singers don't stand still—they never reach

perfection, of course—but unless they go on and on upward, they fall backward. My great desire is to go forward and upward until I reach the highest point that it is possible for me to attain thru every effort that I can put forth—then I want to stop singing entirely."

"Then you admit that there has been improvement in your voice during the past year?"

"I not only know it, but gladly admit it. I know there has been improvement in my voice every year since I started to sing and I know that there will be improvement in my voice every year so long as I continue to sing. I admit that a marked improvement is noticeable and I know why it is. Vocal method? No, I use the same methods that I have always employed. I have changed my mind—that's a woman's privilege, you know—I have learned to think differently. I am happy. That may not seem to be remarkable to you, for plenty of people are happy, you'll say. Well, it made the great difference to me. Probably I have had no more unhappiness than the other people of the world; but I used to let little things worry me. I pondered over them, yes, I must admit it, there were certain people whom I could not like and now that I am in a different frame of mind, I wonder if I

didn't hate them. I permitted myself to dislike them so much that I was unhappy. Trifles annoyed and worried me. Then, finally, I awakened. I said I would hate nobody, I would try to have love in my heart for everybody, I would not think about things that threatened to worry me; and you'd be surprised to find out how easy it was. In time I found that I was in love with the whole world. I was surprised myself. Yes, sir, at that time I began to observe an improvement in my singing and I have continued to note the improvement, because I have love for everyone. I am certain my happiness radiates to others in some way in the tones of my voice; therefore, I know and the others know that my voice is improved.

"You'll understand that it was an easy thing for me to love the world," she continued. "It seems to me that the whole world never was so good to anybody since

(Continued on page 64)



Photograph © by Strauss-Peyton Studios

LENORE ULRIC

The Belasco star this season appearing in a new play

The End In Sight

THE Fame and Fortune contest is drawing to its close. The two big days, July first and September second, have come and gone. Crowds of anxious contestants besieged the office doors on both occasions and apparently all the pretty girls in the world assembled on our front steps. The contest judges grew grey trying to eliminate some of them. Competition was so keen that they almost gave up in despair. Now, the various tests accorded several hundred lucky contestants all have to be viewed, criticized and considered for possible winners by the same hard-working judges. Those that are at all promising will have a second test, and the best of those will have still a third and more difficult test. In this way the final winner or winners are chosen. If there should be a male contestant, with enough qualifications for success, there will be a male winner, too. The end of October will see the decision made, but the winner cannot be announced until the December issues.

It is interesting to watch the screen tests. No make-up is allowed, with the exception of powder, for the original tests. Those lucky enough to get a second test are allowed a little individuality in their make-up. The girls are made to smile and talk with the director so that he may see their range of expression. They must turn their head this way and that, to show their profile, for this is an important part of camera beauty. They wave a greeting to a friend in the distance. They sometimes read a letter. They comment on the weather. They tell the director they "love" him and "adore" him and sometimes they tell him they "hate" him and stamp their feet and shake their curls—they nearly all have curls—and pout, and toss their heads.

Each succeeding test that is accorded a contestant is a greater tax on his or her powers of expression, mentality and ability.

The camera
(Continued on page 58)



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

THE END IN SIGHT

Betty Williams is the single SHADOWLAND honor roll winner this month. She is a New York girl and has appeared in musical comedy. Miss Williams is just twenty-one

From Realism to Romance with Edward Sheldon

By Oliver M. Saylor

THE old, old story of the prophet and his honor may not have been invented to fit the case of the American artist, but it might as well have been. The path of the painter and the poet, the player and the playwright, the singer and the composer, is strewn with instances of credit withheld or charily granted or bestowed by a few lone voices crying in the wilderness pending the acclaim of foreign critics, after which we disguise the rubbing of our eyes as much as possible and say, "Of course! Did you ever suspect that we couldn't do it?"

To that venerable story, another chapter is in process of addition with the revival of interest in the name and the work of Edward Sheldon incidental to the return to our stage of his picturesque tale of old New York, "Romance," after its successful circumnavigation of the globe. Saving our faces by the admission that "it wears well" and by such reservations as, "Well, you know he always did like to use such effective theatrical tricks as that band coming up the street on New Year's Eve," we are nevertheless readier by a considerable degree to be proud that Sheldon is an American and to listen with respect to the plans for a new play from his pen next season.

Sheldon, to be sure, has not suffered so grievously as many of our workers in the arts, for his plays seldom if ever have gone begging among the managers and many of them have had long and successful runs. The mere fact of his youth at the time he entered the active theater drew inquisitive attention to him, and yet that attention often rather than not smacked of the patronizing praise of a small boy, as if to say, "That's very good for one so young. You'll do better when you grow up." Infant prodigies, tho, are not often permitted to grow up or to have the fact confessed unless they withdraw from view for a time and then reappear—changed or not, it does not greatly matter, provided we have had leeway to suppose they have and to adjust our perspective.

It is just that which has happened in the case of Sheldon, and altho serious illness has played a large part in this eclipse, it may have served a purpose, in conjunction with the foreign acceptance of his work, in bringing us to make a fair and comprehensive survey of the plays he has written for the American theater and to



Photograph by Pirie McDonald

EDWARD SHELDON

approximate his true function therein. There has been a tendency in recent seasons to overlook him in casting up the roster of contemporary playwrights, to consider him as of the past and his work as completed. But the fallacy of that position is becoming variously evident. Not only has "Romance" reentered the circle of our current stage and stood the test of comparison with plays marked 1920-21; not only does its onward march abroad continue to send reverberations of its conquests back to our shores, but some of us are also beginning to wonder whether "Salvation Nell" and "The Boss" would not disclose similarly surviving merits if Mrs. Fiske and Mr. Blinn were canny enough to bring them once more to the footlights. And in the face of the promise of a new play, "St. Ursula," written in collaboration with Zoë Akins for production by Sam Harris, with Emily Stevens again in a Sheldon rôle, we hasten to glance back over the

trail of this young playwright and see just what he has accomplished.

It is a thrice-told tale—but chronicles of the theater fade rapidly and bear frequent repeating—how Edward Brewster Sheldon was born in Bellevue Place, Chicago, son of Theodore and Mary Strong Sheldon, on February 4, 1886; how he studied there and at the Hill School in Pottstown, Pennsylvania; how he entered Harvard in 1904 and was graduated four years later with both the bachelor's and the master's degrees and with a play, written in course under Professor George Pierce Baker, accepted for production the following autumn by Mrs. Fiske. That play was "Salvation Nell," epic of the slums—a melodrama, it is true, but perhaps the more realistically true to its locale for that very reason. The Opera House at Providence, R. I., was its trial home and it moved into the Hackett Theater, New York, eleven days later, November 23, 1908. With Mrs. Fiske in the rôle of Nell Sanders, the saloon scrubwoman who put on the bonnet of the rescuing Army, and Holbrook Blinn as Jim Platt, her ruffian lover who followed in her steps, it held the boards that season and the next and paved the way for the playwright's further work.

Close on the heels of "Salvation Nell" came another study in that taut, journalistic (Continued on page 57)

My Lady Fashion

By
The Rambler

EVERY month we write about the silhouette—because it's one of the first things that every woman wants to know about. Not only is it important to know when she buys new clothes—but in utilizing clothes left over from last season.

The outline of clothes remains much the same that it has been for some time. Changes there are, to be sure, in the new collections of clothes. If there were not, there would be nothing to interest or stimulate buying. It is true that we hear rumors of the full skirts of ankle length and we have actually seen them worn by mannequins at the fashion shows. But that they are looked upon with considerable disfavor by American women is evident.

Paris says that skirts must be ankle length—but prejudice is so set in favor of the short skirt that it looks as tho every woman would be a law unto herself in regard to the exact number of inches her frocks will be for yet a little while. A challenge to Paris from American women who have worn and will continue to wear the "happy medium."

Of course, there are exceptions and especially in formal dress. Where fashionable folk foregather, the panorama of dress shifts from country to country and from century to century with fine disregard of time. Spanish modes of lace, flowers and fringe for dancing; long, full-skirted beruffled taffetas for tea of an afternoon; dinner gowns with classic Greek lines that stand apart, and the gay, chic apparel of the present.

But these anachronisms, while holding charm for the moment, only hint at influences in style tendencies. With few exceptions, the straight-line silhouette vies with the slightly tapering contour—and there seems no likelihood that the woman of today will revert to a fashion of encasing herself in a constricting corset to satisfy any designer's notion for period styles.

Flaring Sleeves

While it is doubtful if women will ever again take to



skirts that flare about the ankles, flaring lines have been a success in sleeves. Loose flowing sleeves something on the Mandarin lines are smart. The flare usually begins below the elbow, while the upper part of the sleeve is loose and straight.

Coats have large sleeves and the newest wraps eliminate any semblance of the one-time wrap with "webbed" sleeves, and instead straight sleeves are set into armholes which start at elbows.

Advance Fall Fashions

The tailored suit is strongly featured at the fall fashion shows. Oxford greys, grey checks and tweed mixtures as well as smooth-finished cloths in brown and beaver shades are the favored colors. Fur collars are seen on many suit jackets. White caracul, grey astrakhan and black fox are especially fashionable.

All fall suits worn by the models—with very few excep-

An expressionistic fashion show in a Berlin shop window. The dummies represent ultra modern expressionistic futurist types. The costumes, decorations, even the gestures are influenced by expressionism. The mannequins, by the way, are constructed of a material which is said to be superior to wax.



tions—had plain skirts ten or twelve inches from the ground.

Velvets

Evening dresses in velvets of bright colors were a fascinating addition to one fashion show. In fact, velvet is coming more and more into the limelight and is cut in straight tailored lines as well as the wide Spanish effects.

Velvet brocaded chiffons are in smart demand, too, and both dark and light shades are favored. Among the line of velvets reviewed recently, we saw not only the formal hostess gown, but the simple slip-over chemise frock type of negligée and the square-sleeved coat. Gorgeous black velvet wraps were present, several lined in white rabbit fur.

There is no doubt that velvet and other fabrics of velvet finish are to be extensively used this season. Let us hope that some restraint will be exercised in the wearing of such dressy materials, which are always beautiful but more inappropriately used than any others.

At the Hat Show

The trend of the season in modes sponsored by the best Parisian milliners for the fall and winter

season, followed by the creations of our own American designers, was seen at the semi-annual millinery shows.

How surely Paris sets the pace for fashions was very evident in all of the types displayed, from the tiny tot in a bonnet to the woman of mature years; in the tendency toward the Spanish, in the use of laces, combs and the smart rolling brims typical of that country. In the display of fuchsia colorings inaugurated at the Bal de Grand Prix and in the profusion of ostrich fancies.

The entire gamut of French fashions in hats passed in endless variety at this fashion event; as has been the case in the last few seasons, types are so varied and styles so multitudinous that again there is a style for everyone.

Paris dictates hats with brims of huge dimensions for the picturesque dress shapes, and some of our best houses have shown how very interesting this type of hat can be. Not alone, however, did the large hat dominate, but the medium and small hat revealed itself in many smart ways.

Ostrich has stepped into first place in the line of trimmings, dressed up in so many ways that it has become most interesting.

Black as a basis for the hat revealed a distinct tendency, (Continued on page 58)

Photograph by Old Masters Studio



From Realism to Romance with Edward Sheldon

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realism which borders on melodrama, "The Nigger," a page out of the contemporary South with its problems of race prejudice and race purity. The New Theater accepted it for its first season in its pretentious home in Central Park West, and as the fourth bill and the first strictly American play to enter the repertory it was produced December 4, 1909, with Guy Bates Post as Philip Morrow, sheriff, governor, and partly negro unaware; Annie Russell as his betrothed, Georgiana Byrd, and other equally ponderable names in the smaller rôles. By the close of the season, it had been presented twenty-four times, a record surpassed only by "The School for Scandal," and the next autumn it went on the road independently with Mr. Post and Florence Rockwell in the leading parts. Hailed on the one hand as a fearless piece of writing, a shrewd and theatrically effective presentation of ideal motives by means of naturalistic detail, and on the other hand no less heatedly as an immature example of crude propaganda, "The Nigger" suffered from both its friends and its enemies; for I doubt whether its author intended more than to depict a sensitive and high-strung man at the critical moment of his life and merely hit for his milieu upon one of those extreme incidents which hastened the passage of the eighteenth amendment.

Just because of that journalistic element, of course, the day of "The Nigger" in the theater is done. Journalism is a hazardous medium for the artist. The problem of the black and of prohibition persist, but from different angles. It is the same journalistic element, however, that should make Sheldon's third play, "The Boss," still effective and significant on our stage, for its story of a ruthless master of big business in conflict with insurgent labor and outraged civic ideals is still unfortunately appropriate to the present hour. Fingey Connors, the prototype, it is said, of Michael Regan, may be gone but his kind remains. Produced January 9, 1911, at the Garrick Theater, Detroit, "The Boss" came into New York January 30, with Holbrook Blinn and Emily Stevens in the rôles of Regan and his wife, and ran up a total of eighty-three performances at the Astor Theater. Its subject may somewhat resemble that of Georges Ohnet's "Le maître de forges," but Sheldon gave it distinct originality by drawing his characters, especially Regan, straight out of contemporary American life. The playwright here is still in youthful vein, for he revels in startling situations and in the impact of man against man or of man against a crowd, but his sure instinct for the theater puts all this passion for the spectacular and the turgid to effective use.

Reaching out with developing maturity to a less intense and hectic view of life, to an appreciation of its flow and its panorama rather than its explosive moments, Sheldon stumbled twice before he gained any mastery over his new manner. "Princess Zim-Zim," disclosed first in Harmanus Bleecker Hall in Albany, New York, December 4, 1911, and briefly displayed in Cleveland, Boston, and a few other cities, never reached the metropolis, altho, according to one observer, it had theatrical instinct, fineness of imagination and a new sense of the appropriateness and quality of language. "Egypt," a melodrama in four acts, failed even more egregiously, for despite the presence of Margaret Anglin in the rôle of Egypt Komello, light o' love, a critic in Chicago, where it opened at the Garrick Theater, October 1, 1912, after a trial performance at Hudson, New York, wrote: "The audience departed in doubt as to whether the author of 'Egypt' had intended to play a joke or had lost his grip." Probably neither, but the realist had tripped his toe in stepping into the path of the romancer.

Failure was soon redeemed, however, and the modulation in manner was justified by "The High Road," with Mrs. Fiske appearing once more as sponsor for a new Edward Sheldon. In the rôle of Mary Page, a wilful and wayward girl who grows up into an earnest, ambitious and fearless woman, she gave this "pilgrimage in five acts" its première at His Majesty's Theater, Montreal, October 14, 1912, carried it thence to Powers Theater, Chicago, two weeks later, thus challenging and overriding fresh memories of his debacle in "Egypt," and on November 19 brought it for a run of seventy-three performances to the Hudson Theater, New York. Associated with her as usual were such able players as Frederick Perry in the character of Governor Winfield Barnes whom Mary Page marries at the crest of her upward climb; Charles Waldron as the artist with whom she had lived in youthful insouciance; and Arthur Byron as the meddling Grundy, Maddock.

Fuller evidence and justification of the new manner came later in the same theatrical season, for "Romance," the play which has carried Sheldon's name around the earth, was produced at Harmanus Bleecker Hall, Albany, February 6, 1913, and was brought down to the Maxine Elliott Theater in Manhattan a week after. This urbane and richly colorful drama of New York of the 1860's, with its intriguing and exotic Cavallini weaving the red thread of her passionate nature thruout it, had fitting birthplace, for the young playwright composed it in 1911 on the edge of Fontainebleau near the spot where, at the same time, Edward Knoblock and Arnold Bennett

were collaborating on "Milestones." Convinced of his choice of Doris Keane to play the rôle of the prima donna, Sheldon held the manuscript back until he could induce some manager to agree with him. The wisdom of his determination was obvious, for the result was thus described by Frederick Hutton, the playwright, before he abandoned the pen of the critic: "Once in half a decade the patient playgoer is confronted by a star who rises naturally from her dramatic background and by a piece which, without unnatural wrenching, fits its principal interpreter."

"Romance" was well named, for by its universal appeal its author achieved an international reputation which in itself is as romantic a tale of the prosaic present as the story it weaves out of a glamorous past. After it had spent its first American vogue, Miss Keane took the play to war-time London, installed it and herself at the Lyric Theater, September 30, 1915, and repeated it to a total of twelve hundred performances before she brought it back to American revival this spring. Even then, she left it in other hands on tour of the English provincial theaters for the fourth consecutive year. Before Russia was shut off from the outer world, someone carried a manuscript of the play to Moscow and Petrograd where it entered the repertoires of numerous theaters in 1917 and 1918. Scandinavia also has given it welcome. Defying terrestrial distances, it was presented August 2, 1918, in Adelaide, Australia; on August 27 of the same year in India and on October 21 in Cairo, while Johannesburg, South Africa, saw it for the first time June 27, 1919. French production, too, impends the coming season. A translation worthy of its lineage and traditions is assured at the hands of Robert de Flers, collaborator with De Caillavet on light-fingered comedies, and Francis de Croisset, dramatic father of "Arsène Lupin." The production will be made by Max Pearly at the Vaudeville Theater and the play will be staged by M. Volterre. Miss Keane herself expects to play La Cavallini in French, surrounded by a French company. And so the romance of "Romance" is not yet fully told!

The years since "Romance" have been rather sparsely filled, due to the difficulty of the playwright's working under serious illness. They have not been vacant, tho, for several items have been added to the Sheldon canon. An even more decisive break from his early realistic methods was revealed when George Tyler, of the Liebler Company, produced "The Garden of Paradise" at the Park Theater, New York, November 28, 1914. Here was a fairy tale of gorgeous pro-

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portions, true in spirit to the gentle original of Hans Christian Andersen, but enlivened in buoyant mood with the homely sallies born of the playwright's realistic past. Unfortunately, the production came at the time of the financial failure of the Liebler Company and it was withdrawn before it had an opportunity to prove its merits. A less happy example of Sheldon's panoramic method was his dramatization of Sudermann's "The Song of Songs," which proved too strong meat for Charles Frohman when produced out of town and appeared in Gotham at the Eltinge Theater, December 22, 1914, under the pennons of A. H. Woods. A notable cast including Irene Fenwick as Lily Kardos, John Mason, Tom Wise, Cyril Kneightley, Dorothy Donnelly, Ernest Glendinning and Forrest Winant failed to add much to the playwright's fame and fortune.

The finer qualities of Sheldon, the romancer, emerged once more, tho, in his translation from the Italian of Sem Benelli's mediæval tragic melodrama, "La Cena delle Beffe," titled in Arthur Hopkin's production at the Plymouth Theater, New York, April 9, 1919, as "The Jest." The success which carried it far into the following season belonged not only to the producer, to the brothers Barrymore in their sharply contrasting rôles of Giannetto and Neri, and to the scenic settings of Robert Edmond Jones, but also to the vivid and picturesque English with which the translator clothed the intense and florid text of the original play.

Such a survey of the work of the author of "Romance" discloses him as a realist who has turned, by degrees and with occasional reversions, to more imaginative styles and subjects and habits of mind. Essentially of the theater and of the times in which he lives, he has done his bit of preaching and moralizing, of setting forth in dramatic if not melodramatic panoply the stirring conflicts inherent in our contemporary life, of turning under the tongue the favorite illusions of honor and affection and fantasy. Not so much a poet nor a deeply-searching critic of life, like Eugene O'Neill, as he is a teller of tales in the language of the theater, he has made for himself and for our stage in foreign eyes a reputation for adept craftsmanship which is surpassed by few of our playwrights. His merits and his faults have nowhere been so exactly set forth as by H. T. Parker, writing in *The Boston Transcript* of eight years ago:

"Mr. Sheldon is aware of the world around him, tho he may not search it very deeply or variously. Rather, he picks from it what will serve his dramatic and theatrical purposes and then spins his findings into a play that is obviously the work of a born and practicing playwright who sees and feels all things in terms of the theater, actors, and audiences. His grip upon the stage is firmer than his grip upon life. His theatrical instincts are still his chief guide. He ripens in other insight but he ripens

slowly."

Several names and personalities have been woven interestingly into the chronicle of Sheldon's career. Chief of them, of course, is that of Mrs. Fiske. As a child, his parents took him to see her in "Tess" and he straightway began to write amateur plays with her as a central character. He had her in mind while composing "Salvation Nell," hardly daring to hope that she would accept the play and be the first to urge him on his way. Thru her also he made contact with the directors of the New Theater as a step toward their production of "The Nigger." And to his third play, too, her influence extended, for her choice of Holbrook Blinn to support her in "Salvation Nell" brought actor and playwright together for "The Boss," in the rehearsals of which she assisted. By the link with Mrs. Fiske, too, Sheldon was associated with her niece, Emily Stevens, the second name which recurs frequently in his chronicle. Miss Stevens played opposite Blinn in "The Boss," created the leading rôle of Swanchild in "The Garden of Paradise," and is destined for her third Sheldon rôle in "St. Ursula," next season. It is interesting, too, to trace thru Sheldon annals the progress of a player who has reached the front ranks of our artists of the theater. A dozen years ago an actress scarcely known, by the name of Gilda Varesi, played the insignificant rôle of Mrs. Baxter in "Salvation Nell." By the time of "Romance" she had advanced to the important part of signora Vanucci, Cavallini's voluble lady in waiting. And "The Jest" brought her to the opportunities of Fiametta and, during John Barrymore's illness, to the responsibilities of the rôle of Giannetto.

Remote as Sheldon is from the impulses of the new movement in the theater in his acceptance of the traditional dramaturgy, it has still been his fortune to be linked with several of the developing phases of the new stagecraft in this country. The setting which he and Mrs. Fiske provided for the artist's studio of the second act of "The High Road," was one of the first attempts to put on the stage a well-composed and severely scrutinized realistic interior. Again, with "The Garden of Paradise," the imaginative hand of Joseph Urban was entrusted with its first commission on our dramatic stage, forerunner of the formidable movement to make our scenic settings more eloquent and richly expressive. And, most recently, the brush of Robert Edmond Jones was called upon to design the background for "The Jest."

It would be rash to predict the future of Edward Sheldon in our theater. Misfortune, it is apparent, can not stifle his output. And the renewal of his vogue at home and the continued spread of his fame abroad should be added stimulus. Variety has been the outstanding quality of his efforts in the past and the keenest curiosity is likely to be the lot of his new play until it be known whether he has extended his range still further.

My Lady Fashion

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but it is also notable that the trimmings displayed much color. Fuchsia tones are without doubt the one outstanding color note of the season so far, and while these are used on black almost entirely they find a very pretty use on navy ground as well.

A Number of Things

Black gloves continue to be featured by a number of manufacturers who express their belief that the call for black will lead for fall and winter. Most of these gloves show a touch of white in the back stitching, or a striking contrast note in trims of white.

Some very smart handbags are seen in the shops these days, and while bags still retain the small size and width of silhouette rather than length, the novelty of the season lies in the swagger bags and vanities. These are all small in size and in most cases open from the long envelope flap which lays the case perfectly flat and shows the different vanity accessories in loops and pockets.

In neckpieces, long-haired furs continue to be favored. Fox in all shades is especially popular. A novel neckpiece imported from Paris is simply a wide band of Georgeite squirrel, reaching high above the chin. Two-skin chokers are worn as well as the larger neckpieces.

Ribbons of all kinds and widths are more useful and fashionable than ever. They are pleated, folded to form edgings, applied, and looped in novel ways, in addition to forming string belts and wide sashes.

Three-piece costumes, consisting of a dress and a cape-wrap, are much liked by smart dressers for fall wear. The foulard and crêpe or serge combinations lend themselves to these.

The End In Sight

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sees differently from the naked eye and many a pretty girl is not pretty at all on the screen. It exaggerates every little defect and some of the girls, for whom a screen test holds promise, are sadly disappointed when they see the result. These tests are, after all, the only fair way to pick a winner, because no matter how beautiful she may be, if she doesn't screen well there is no hope for her in this contest.

The excitement comes when the possibilities are reduced to, say ten or twelve. It's almost more suspense than we can bear, and from our own emotions we can guess those of the contestants themselves. Alas, that we cannot have a thousand winners!

Betty Williams, Hotel Vanderbilt, New York City, is SHADOWLAND's only honor roll winner for this month. She is just twenty-one years old, weighs one hundred and thirty-eight pounds, is five feet seven inches in height and brunette in coloring. Miss Betty is quite the most symmetrical young beauty we ever saw and she will doubtless be a strong contender.

Expressionism: Art's Latest Revolution

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for representation and technical finish, and in architecture as imitation and flourish. Now if there is one thing that all groups within Expressionism agree upon, it is the *minor* part played by imitation and representation in creative art. And the scorn for what Clive Bell calls "technical swagger" is hardly less marked.

In place of imitation, creation. In place of representation, expression of an aesthetic emotion. In place of Nature copied, the world's central rhythm or essential form liberated in a naïve gesture of the artist. Not polish and technical ornament, but the living soul of the subject, or of the artist, laid bare. These are cries that echo thru the exhibition halls and in the columns of more than half the art magazines of Europe. They may be heard here in America, too, in the studios of a small group of painters, sculptors and theater workers. For although we have not Expressionism as a recognized movement, we have an exceedingly important little group of creative artists who have been working quietly toward expression rather than representation, for five or ten years past. Was it not, indeed, nearly fifteen years ago that Alfred Stieglitz opened his gallery at "291," and made a home for academic scandals and all that was liveliest in modern art?

It is the difference between representation and subjective expression which is at the heart of the whole subject of modern art. The Impressionist artist, like his fathers for nearly twenty generations before him, was concerned with representing something he had seen in Nature, his particular distinction being that he sought to fix on his canvas the aspect of a given moment of time, with special reference to a theory of light—the fundamental thing, however, being description of something seen outwardly. The Expressionist artist—albeit Nature, or even a sudden aspect of Nature, may be his starting-point—is immediately off seeking what he may call the essential reality or the rhythm of what he has seen. He experiences an aesthetic emotion which may or may not be closely related to the outward reality of the original subject. He expresses this emotion on his canvas, as likely as not without regard to "the trivial laws of Nature." If he is successful, according to his own premise, and if you have not bound yourself up too tightly in preconceived ideas of correct drawing, technical finish and truth to Nature, you will experience from his painting the emotion he felt.

Franz Marc, an early leader of Expressionism, since dead in the war, was a painter of animals. His picture "Wolves" shows not a nicely-posed family of carefully-observed animals, set in a proper

wild-nature surrounding, but the dynamic wolf quality, expressed in a series of taunt stalking bodies half lost against a background in which the rigid body lines are repeated, lost, repeated until no spectator can fail to "sense wolf" from the picture. Similarly, critics have said that Marc painted not "a horse" or "horses," but "horse," and that his dog pictures express merely dogishness.

This getting at the nature or structure or rhythm of a subject is by no means the whole foundation of Expressionism, but it probably was the starting-point for all the several phases that have crystallized into a definite Expressionist theory. It was the breaking-point from realism, the point from which each individual or group started the search for living expression.

Certainly the giant Cezanne found his significant beginnings there, distorting outward appearances to gain that quivering sense of form, that utter "realization" which seemed to him important even to wilful neglect of the surface characteristics of his subject; then Matisse, distorting sometimes for expression, sometimes to achieve a surface decoration; then the Cubists, who felt that nothing mattered unless they caught the sense of the "essential structure" of their subject (they conceived it as being to a degree geometrical); they not only discarded all pictorial accessories and unessentials such as perspective, truth to accidental light, etc., but multiplied their revealing forms and planes to suggest the subject as it might appear if seen from all sides at once, or as synthesized thru many remembered aspects of it.

The Futurists, too, were more interested in expressing the "sensation" of a subject, by repeating its "force-lines" and by cutting thru time and space to a simultaneous recording of all its characteristic qualities, than they were in "representing it faithfully." If they became obsessed with the subjects of force, action and speed, and in recording successive aspects simultaneously came back to illustrative methods and the realistic *impasse*, still they served to break a wider road out of the arid waste of surface representation and glorified technique.

The Vorticists, who succeeded the Cubists and the Futurists in England, and provided a renewed source of journalistic merriment, pointed out the seeds of decay in the practice of both the earlier movements, and then went back to the same point of beginning. They talked much of vitality, spiritual weight and of "building with the life fluid." They claimed too that "in Vorticism the direct and hot impressions of life are mated with Abstraction, or the combinations of

the Will." But the matter of mating is one of the most hazardous in the world, and their attempts so far seem to have resulted—like certain human marriages to which our newspapers have recently given sympathetic attention—in more confusion, separation and publicity than lasting achievement. But again it was a failure which had enough of success in it to indicate that the target was right even if the shooting was poor.

Succeeding all these, but insisting on the same starting-point of an inner as against an outer reality, comes the group that calls itself "Expressionist" with membership drawn from among the adherents of all these other phases. It attempts to avoid the limiting technical credos that led the others back into the wilderness, and it summarizes the search by merely saying: "The artist must forget all the nonsense about representing or imitating Nature; he must apprehend the essential reality or rhythm or living structure of his subject or his conception, and express in aesthetic form the emotion he has felt."

Gaston Lachaise—to take an example familiar to frequenters of New York exhibitions—has made a series of statues of the nude woman's figure which seem at first, to unaccustomed eyes, awfully bulky and off the track. And certainly no one can defend Lachaise if he is charged only with distorting Nature. But when one has lived with these figures long enough, they take on an aesthetic significance which is beyond anything that can be experienced from mere descriptive or representative art. They reveal a very definite and highly individual conception of "the woman quality," and they bring a palpable emotion. They have a rhythmic voluminous poise and a feeling of living form which are of the very nature of great sculpture. I am not sure that Lachaise would accept the label "Expressionist"—most artists have a healthy dislike of being tagged and pigeonholed—but the Expressionists would accept him, and that is all that matters in the present connection. He is intent upon expression of his aesthetic emotions, and cuts thru so much of external aspect as stands in the way of his intensification and liberation of that emotion in sculptural form—and that is Expressionism.

If you will think back to the pictures that pleased you ten, twenty or thirty years ago—they may please you still!—you will be able to classify them as *genre* pieces, Impressionist landscapes, nudes, neo-classic anecdotes, moonlight on the river, realistic portraits, idealistic society portraits, animal pictures, etc. The determining factor is always the thing represented. Go to a modernist exhibition

Expressionism: Art's Latest Revolution

and try to judge by that sort of subject-matter standard, and you will find yourself baffled—and either hilariously amused or worried over the decadence of contemporary art, according to your temperament. In either case, you have tied yourself up in a little arbitrary world which is fast losing contact with living art and with modern life. Isn't it, after all, pretty stupid to demand that art deal only with the obvious realities of the world, when there are so many realms of emotion, of imagination, of cosmic experience, which the artist is better fitted, spiritually, to explore and interpret to us than anyone else?

The viewpoint is revolutionary to the extent of overturning our whole bourgeois culture's theory of the function of art and the mode of apprehending and appreciating it. For centuries our education and training have emphasized that what we should look for first is a subject correctly represented. Then if subject-interest failed—or in addition—one must look for brilliant technique, for virtuosity in painting, modeling or drawing. These two demands, for representation and technical display, all but stifled creative effort in the visual arts from the fourteenth to the twentieth century. For it was not long after Giotto that the naturalistic or realistic current began to run stronger than the expressionistic, altho it was only in the latter three centuries of the period that the pursuit of externals became canonized as the one and only true law of "Art." Expressionism thus is revolutionary in that it runs counter to the whole "normal" development of painting, sculpture and architecture over a period of five hundred years and more.

Despite this revolutionary character of the movement, it has a history. The art magazines that have "gone Expressionist"—and the worried conservatives will tell you tearfully how many there are in Europe—have been coming over the historical field for examples of Expressionism down the ages. A list of the periods which these new historians call creative has no place for most of the things that the schoolbooks point out as the world's masterpieces. For instance, late Greek art with its perfection of outward form; most of Roman art and all similarly imitative epochs; Raphael and all similar sweetly descriptive painters; practically all architecture since the Romanesque; in general, the intellectualized art of the Renaissance; French painting from Poussin to the forerunners of the modernist movement; England's lauded Gainsborough-Reynolds group—all are ruled out as being concerned primarily with outward aspects, imitation and flourish.

Those developments which are put down as expressionistic in the broader

sense, include most "primitive" schools (for even the old historians note that they had "feeling" or "naïve sense of form" or "emotional validity," even tho they had not yet learned to copy Nature correctly!); early Egyptian and early Greek art (before the standardizing and polishing processes had set in); much of East Indian, Chinese and other Oriental art; selected periods of Byzantine; Peruvian and Mexican sculpture and architecture; Romanesque and early Gothic architecture (as against the more-tooled late and "perfected" Gothic); Italian painting to Giotto and, altho weakened, for a time after Giotto—but always Giotto is emphasized; and then nothing as a general movement until the realistic tradition began to crack in the nineteenth century. Of course, these inclusions as well as the exclusions are only broad outlines, not to be applied too particularly. For instance, the Expressionists find several isolated painters during the last five centuries in whose work they recognize indisputable evidence of aims similar to theirs. And who can deny them El Greco, after studying Cezanne and his followers?

Cezanne was not only the greatest figure in the art world of his time, but the very embodiment of that change which marked the turning-point from the art of one epoch to that of another. By comparison, VanGogh was an immeasurably smaller figure, and none too deeply concerned with expression. Gauguin, the third of the big "Post-Expressionist" trio, stems off into an art which put less emphasis on expressiveness than on pure decoration, tho similarly unconcerned with the representation of Nature. This decorative movement—certainly a revolutionary trend second only to Expressionism in importance, if not of it—has characteristics which link it to the Expressionist school; and yet it is clear that Gauguin and his followers conceived form as being a thing of two dimensions, and as in a sense static, instead of the three-dimensional "voluminous form" or moving rhythm of the other group. Only historians at some distant time will be able to disentangle or relate properly the aesthetics and the history of the two developments. At any rate, Gauguin's color and composition give rise to much of what we ordinarily call aesthetic pleasure—and if the thrill is less deep, less fundamental, than Cezanne's, still even the purist will grant it a certain validity.

Closer in the line of Expressionist development is Matisse, achieving sometimes a primitive decorative quality, sometimes a true emotional revelation. He was followed by the Cubists, headed by the versatile and important painter Picasso; the Futurists under the manifesto-maker Marinetti; and the English Vorticists led by Wyndham Lewis. The

true Expressionist will tell you that the best out of these schools, men and principles, passed into the wider movement which is Expressionism, and that the incompetents and hangers-on (always numerous) either can be seen still hugging their hopelessly discredited standards or have lapsed into Dadaism. It is a harsh judgment to pass on movements which still have many avowed adherents, but the squaring-up process of time will probably justify it in the main.

It is pertinent to ask (after burying these other schools so glibly) why Expressionism seems more likely to outlast the process of sifting the permanent from the impermanent. In the first place it has an infinitely broader basis—broad enough to include whatever of good there is in all these other schools. In the second place the Expressionists have tied themselves to no limiting code of technical practice, as did the Cubists and Futurists. But beyond that is the point that their emphasis is on the constructive rather than the destructive. Those who went before them had to spend mimes of energy in destroying before they could produce or get a hearing for their productions. The Expressionists, facing a world already shocked into an attitude of attention, can afford to be more tolerant of the past. They merely say that they are concerned with living art, let the antiquarian fall where he may.

Of the large group of Expressionists who go awfully under that name, it would be futile to name any large number. But Wassily Kandinsky cannot be overlooked by anyone touching even the surface of the subject. He is the painter who has carried the theory of non-representation to its logical conclusion, elimination of recognizable subject-matter. While all the Expressionists talk about abstraction, most of them comprise halfway there. They say—and it seems indisputable—that it is not the starting from Nature that is wrong, but the obsession with reproducing Nature; that it makes no difference how far one goes in including or excluding natural objects, so long as the *emphasis* is on the expression of emotion, on subjective presentation. Most of them find it necessary to express themselves thru somewhat recognizable outward forms. But not Kandinsky. He started with representative literal painting, shaded off into a period of reproducing "impressions," progressed to a series of pictures called "compositions," and now does nothing but "improvisations." The progression of terms is in itself illuminating.

At present Kandinsky disclaims anything else than painting musically. He seeks to give expression to the creative spirit in color and form as freely and abstractly as music expresses it in tone. One of his purely abstract paintings was

Expressionism: Art's Latest Revolution

shown recently at the galleries of the Société Anonyme—New York's newest haven for the serious painter who is too radical to gain entrance elsewhere—and it proved the public's favorite out of the entire group exhibition. Something might be said as to what sort of public goes to radical exhibitions anyhow—but that sort of sneering could hardly shake the position Kandinsky has already built for himself in twentieth century art.

If so far I have considered my subject almost exclusively from the standpoint of painting and sculpture, it is because the theory of Expressionism has already been more or less clarified in relation to these arts. It would not be difficult to trace parallels in architecture, literature and music. In architecture alone one might weave the whole story again into a consideration of Bruno Taut and Erich Mendelsohn. But since America has seen two notable examples of Expressionism in the theater recently, I wish to conclude instead with the consideration of the possibilities of this new force in relation to the art of the stage.

Both Kandinsky and Kokoschka—the latter a leader of Expressionism who achieves in painting a living emotion comparable to that in Epstein's sculpture, with similar disregard of conventions—have made experiments in the theater, with the idea that the composite art of the stage may prove the perfect medium for the realization of their visions. It is no new belief to some of us, who have long felt that it is in the theater that the soul of man will find expression; but it comes with new implications when two men who stand at the front in another art repeat the same conviction. Not that two painters could be expected to succeed immediately in this more intricate medium. Both, indeed, find themselves still in the experimental stage. Kokoschka even withdrew his plays after scandalizing the public and deeply interesting the "advanced thinkers."

The American experiments along the new road, made more often at the provincial "little theaters" than on Broadway, have carried us but a short way toward a more expressional theater. But the most significant step forward was taken this year in a New York playhouse, and it illustrated better than anything before produced the hazards as well as the possibilities of Expressionism in the theater.

When Robert Edmond Jones conceived the idea of an "Expressionist Macbeth," and found in Arthur Hopkins a sympathetic collaborator, he established what should have been, popularly as well as intrinsically, the starting-point of a new slope in American dramatic art. The play, unfortunately, was not planned for him; it had, indeed, the very great dis-

advantage of having gathered about itself a thick crust of popular traditions, conventions and reverences. Even so he might have succeeded if he could have found actors to understand, take up and intensify the emotion he projected. Instead they, oh, so effectively!—dispelled that emotion, and "Macbeth" came off a second-rate production where it should have been most inspiring. But the forward-looking will remember from it not so much some sad lessons about acting as certain illuminating flashes of what Jones really intended—and what he may achieve next time. Judging only by those things in which his intent was made clear, by his sketches and models, by the occasional settings and groupings where he had clearly been able to carry on the spirit or feeling established in the first revealing scene, and by those rare moments when a bit was adequately, starkly, realized by even the actors—judging by these things, the production was a very real success; for it opened vistas into a field of beauty as yet unexplored by any American artist. The settings alone were a definite achievement, if for no other reason than that they were, for the first time in our commercial theater, consistently Expressionistic. They cast loose from reality, they were not even meant to be "suggestive" of palace rooms, heaths, etc., they were not symbolic; they were conceived as intensifying, abstractly, thru emotional line and color, the feeling of dread that hangs over the play. So far as settings can go alone, they made "Macbeth" a notable Expressionist production. But the event made nothing clear constructively as regards Expressionism and acting.

"The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," a film brought from Germany, and shown on Broadway a few weeks after "Macbeth," while less successful in getting down to a basis of abstraction, proved possible the one thing in which Jones and Hopkins had failed. The acting fitted into the settings perfectly. One never felt any sense of an artist having been called in to "decorate" the play. In each scene (with the usual few exceptions) the setting fixed a mood, or evoked a feeling, and then the actors appeared in that mood or feeling; and the backgrounds intensified the emotion of the action by their expressive visual forms. The designers did not seek to gain their effects by pure abstractions of line and form, as Jones did, but contented themselves with molding Nature out of her usual aspects into distortions that carried the sought-for emotion. The character of the story (which is supposed to pass in the brain of a madman) afforded opportunity for widely imaginative treatment, but in nearly every case the backgrounds were built up primarily with the object of centralizing and intensifying the action.

There was, indeed, not only an adequate but an extraordinary relationship between the moving figures and what may be called the line-and-spot system of the settings. When one allows for the commonplaceness of the underlying plot, it becomes clear that the designers and the producer of "Caligari" should be credited with a long step forward. Coming to New York after "Macbeth," it served to round out the proof that there is a place for Expressionism in the theater, by showing that there need be no variance between the spirit of the acting and the spirit of the settings in this sort of production.

This European film makes one wonder a little about the chances for our "radical" artists in America—whether they will ever be invited into our expensive moving picture studios. There are men of imagination among us, men who have arrived independently at expressionistic principles. Will they be accorded an opportunity not merely to suggest but to work with a free hand; or will we continue to import our advanced films from countries where experiment is less under suspicion? In our theaters the outlook is less clouded. Putting aside the question whether Arthur Hopkins can often afford to give his theater and his resources to such radical productions as the "Macbeth," and whether we may not have another Hopkins or two in the so-called commercial theater, there is every indication that we shall have soon a few truly experimental theaters with professional standards of production.

But for free theaters, and secessionist galleries, there must be sympathetic audiences. If the American public does not maintain an open-minded attitude, the academicians and the fed-on-the-past critics will have their way—and then the old spectacle of the art-lover catching up twenty years too late with the art-creator. Just at present it may be well to recall Ruskin sneering in public at the radical Whistler, and the successive storms of ridicule and abuse that met the Impressionists, Cezanne and Gauguin—and now these anathematized painters are all accepted into the holiest of holies, our own Metropolitan Museum. One need not for that reason begin to acclaim everything that is new. But when a development has behind it the body of theory, the sincerity and the unquestioned energy that now lie behind Expressionism, it is well to be tolerant even if one cannot yet be appreciative. And it is safer. For my part, I am entirely convinced that no really intelligent person can study Expressionism—thoroughly—and then return to the fold of any other school of art; that is, if he wishes to feed on life instead of on history. For that way progress lies.

The Movie Revolution

(Continued from page 45)

agencies. Nor were they saddled by managerial dictators, boards of supervising directors, efficiency experts and such knatty swarms. One cannot blame the producers and their backers, however, for curbing the independence of stars and directors. Where one D. W. Griffith or Charlie Chaplin arises, there are a thousand sprouters whose genius should be confined to the operation of peanut roasters. Hence the problem, so far as art and progress is concerned, seems to be in the discovery and liberation of more such artists. But it isn't probable that they will be found in systematic studios.

One studio which I frequent has a system of whistles. It is exciting if not efficient. The other day I watched a star endeavoring to emote. All around the "set" were other "sets" in the process of construction. The carpenters were executing a xylophonic symphony. When the time came for the star to weep with emotional wrenching, a whistle blew. The carpenters stopped the anvil chorus, and the three-piece orchestra strained out "Hearts and Flowers." The actress was given about ten minutes to supply her lachrymal quota. When the tear ducts had been drained of the last available drop, the whistle blew again and the hammers pounded out the chorus. The director gave new instructions. The star repaired her make-up for a retake of the scene. The whistle blew. The orchestra started. The star wept. Finally, unable to obtain the proper saturation, the director brought out the glycerine bottle whose tears have such adhesive quality that hammered reverberations cannot dislodge them. Bottled emotion was poured into canned art.

A fine picture from any studio is always an accident and accordingly is labeled "a special." A few producers have tried to specialize in specials. They are creating producing units with the power centralized, not in an efficiency perfect, but in an artist—an author, a star or a director who has proved that his theories are sound. This is a movement in the right direction. The motion picture needs individualization.

The producer who adheres to the policy of the cloak and suit business from which he received his B.A. degree is already on the sled. Unlike styles in suits and cloaks, the motion picture cannot be standardized to make it "suitable for all ages and occasions." Variety is the woe of entertainment. That's the difference between pants and pictures.

You may please all the people part of the time and part of the people all the time, but you can't please all the people all the time. Until the producer is willing to give up his greed for maximum

profits on each production and is content to please a fair percentage of the public, we cannot hope for much variety. Mr. Griffith did not make the money from "Broken Blossoms" that he made from "The Birth of a Nation," but he did earn a neat return, I'm told; whereas if he had tried to pattern each successive film on the lines of "The Birth of a Nation" he would now be among those directors who are between pictures—and have been for six months. His worst didos seem to have been cut when he was trying to please the illusory public; his best when he was trying to please himself. It is time for the producer to lay off learned quackery which prescribes the same osculant ending, flapper heroine, patent "human interest" and other "sure-fire stuff" for each picture. All great enduring profit-making works of art have been created from the artist's inner convictions, not from those superimposed.

Producers have been trying with each production to delight the admirers both of Hedda Gabler and Nellie the Cloak Model. They have been particularly solicitous about Nellie's friends. Now those girls are hard up and have left the movie flat. It can go over the hill to the poorhouse for all they care.

Pictures must specialize. The theater producer in putting on a play aims at a certain clientele and is content if he hits the mark. The studio producer aims wild. The metropolitan theaters of spoken drama have specialized intensively. Mr. Ziegfeld's modern temple to Aphrodite supplies the necessities of life to the t. b. m. The aim is at the senses. The Theatre Guild aims at the brow, and the particular brow that can stand the jolt of Shaw or Molnar. Mr. Belasco's temple is dedicated to the artistic bourgeoisie. It has a faculty for gilding trifles artistically. The Hippodrome beckons the family circle, child and adult. If all the theaters in New York tried to be hippodromes, none of them would make money; yet all movie producers strive to be hippodromic. They argue that the cost of production is so great that each picture must appeal to the entire populace. Such argument is nonsensical. A picture couldn't if it would, and it doesn't have to. Naturally, if all the officials from the president on down thru the casting director to the property man are trying to get away with swag, it may be necessary to appeal to the world at large. Such endeavor does not yield success. First let the leaks in the sack be mended. Then let salaries of actors be cut from a thousand a week to five hundred or fifty according to deserts. Most of them are worth the fifty. Then give the picture a run for its money after it is produced. Concentration and individualization are

the attributes needed.

There is no reason why movie entrepreneurs and exhibitors should not be individualized. A few exhibitors, notably Mr. Rothapfel of New York's Capitol Theater and Mr. Riesenfeld of the Rivoli, have realized the need for individuality, and they have contrived to express it thru the picture's presentation. While producers were complaining that exhibitors want nothing "high-brow" because the public is sub-brow, these metropolitan managers built up flourishing clientèles solely by programs of classic music and exquisite chromatic tableaux. They did not aim down; they aimed as high as their own appreciation, and they found the appreciation of the public on that level. The claim is made that Mr. Rothapfel and Mr. Riesenfeld have had to educate the public—a dangerous business for business men. The public seems to like the educating, however. It pays well for it. The most popular editorial writer in America knows this public predilection. He never fails in his daily column to supply a little information tapped from science, art, history or philosophy.

The movie producers have been traveling in packs. When one proclaimed the story the thing, they all set up the howl and straightway were on the track of the author. Again they followed the cloak-and-suit method of seeking standardized works. They went after authors with "names." Most of these writers knew little of pictorial language and had been scoffers until the scent of simoleons overcame them. Some proved to have sound ideas for the screen, but most of them weren't good enough stenographers to take dictation from the many-tongued studio system. Out of the vast quarry, foreign and domestic, only a few remain under the glass tops.

Thus the quest for "names" was exposed as another delusion. Now producers seek "originals"; that is, the stories prepared directly for the screen regardless of trade names.

The attempt to follow the standards of another business proves how woefully the motion picture lacks confidence in itself. Further proof is its inability to stand criticism. If you criticize, you are called pro-German. For this article I probably will be placed in the pay of the Kaiser. After praising "Passion" I had to be careful about eating weinwursts in public. Thus I regard the red flag in the movies as a cockade of independence. The only hope for the cloak-and-suit dynasty is by adopting a policy more liberal than that accorded pants. We've outgrown custom-made products, and the mail-order business is on the rocks.

What we want is a little individual tailoring.

The Bovaryism of Jules de Gaultier

(Continued from page 43)

Schopenhauer, to escape the Real, invented a Nirvana. Flaubert sought relief in the Art-Lie. Nietzsche took refuge in the Overman. Jules de Gaultier has built on the granite of the Real, or the True, a magical Palace of Perception, thus bovarysizing himself. But it must be said of Jules de Gaultier that he is the first to glorify and divinize the Lie, and in his magic Palace of Perception he is a willing prisoner. He is an Œdipus at Colonna, but an Œdipus with wide-open eyes. He glorifies what Schopenhauer execrated and his philosophy is the golden dome that surmounts the edifice erected by Nietzsche. He accepts life as an amazing frolic of antithetical forces. He who sees the mechanism of the Game and enters it freely with a bound and a shout and a superb Dionysiac Yea, knowing from the first that it has no other meaning than what appears on its surface—such a person (and such a one is Jules de Gaultier) may be said to have achieved the limit of human freedom. To him the war against Reality has become a sport. Sometimes he is on one side, sometimes on the other. From his tent in the clouds he contemplates the antics of man and the ruses of the Real. He gives himself heartily to the drama, and utters silently and with what wistful irony: "Thy will be done, O most admirable Dramaturge!"

"The world is my idea," said Schopenhauer. Jules de Gaultier has changed this axiom to "the world is my invention." That is his metaphysic, if he has one. Imagination creates the Real. Schopenhauer's formula that man, by "dint-of-wishing," will in the long run become the thing he wishes to be; Nietzsche's command given to men that they shall endeavor to "surpass themselves," and Jules de Gaultier's dogma that all reality, social as well as cosmic, exists first of all as a figment in the brain and is externalized by a long series of trials and imitations, are at bottom the same.

It is a new cosmogony. Man is himself a god, a fabricator, and his workshop is in his skull. His brain is the loom of the Unconscious, and with the stuffs he weaves there he dresses the external world. Kant had already made man the inventor of Time and Space. Jules de Gaultier makes him the inventor of all that is, thru the supremacy and dynamic quality of his imagination. God may some day become a Supreme Reality because man persists in the fiction that there is a Supreme Reality. Here De Gaultier's thought links itself with Hegel, who said God was not yet born.

Life is, therefore, a perpetual exfoliation of the Real. Everything first exists as a thought, a fancy, a wish, a need in a mind, either consciously or uncon-

sciously, before it takes form and substance. All things are created in the manner in which Pygmalion created Galatea. All the absurdities of dreamland will some day be commonplaces. The Imaginative Will of man is the Artist par excellence, the Impresario of the world comedy. It bungles and botches and strikes in the dark a million million times; but it pays the penalty for its daring in the end by the complete and irrefragable externalization of its mental and emotional poses, and carries on the profound legend of Nemesis. Don Quixote ends by being Prospero—and Prospero ends by reading Aristophanes and Heine. The Real is the child of our imagination, and when it stands before us in all its naked, menacing ugliness we rant and roar because the glory of the dream vanished in the birth-throes.

Without this perpetual illusion life cannot be carried on. The Ideal is the one thing needful. It is the law of evolution. It is the *leit-motif* of Change. It is the mask of the forever-hidden Ironist. The Ideal is the Witch of the World. Brangane! Brangane! Monstrous begotten of alchemic potions, torrential images, tumescent visions—and shabby realities!

The real world passes thru the portals of sense and in the penetralia of the mind is deformed and modified by the endless deformations and modifications already enthroned there—when it is re-born, it comes forth glorified, bedizened, aureoled in the garments of the imagination. So a Christ conceives himself to be God and a Tolstoi assumes the manners of a peasant; the soldier hearing the call to arms already sees himself as a newer Napoleon and beholds himself crossing Europe; the middy just enlisted in the navy struts unconsciously up and down the deck as he saw Nelson do it in a picture book; the youth who has his first speaking part given him by his theatrical manager conceives himself as a future Booth or Irving. And it sometimes comes about that auto-suggestion ends in complete realization and that the Real is created by a Fiction.

There are two empires. Schopenhauer called them Will and Idea; Nietzsche personified them as Dionysus and Apollo; Jules de Gaultier has called them the Vital Instinct and the Instinct to Knowledge.

Instinct wills, creates, carries on the work of the species. The Intellect destroys, negatives, satirizes and ends in pure nihilism. Instinct creates life endlessly, hurling forth profusely and blindly its clowns, acrobats, tragedians and comedians. Intellect remains the eternal spectator of the play. It participates at will, but never gives itself wholly to

the fine sport. It fuses with Instinct, but never loses its identity. It is eternally on the watch, for the ruses of Instinct are uncountable. It lives to trap the Intellect that has broken the shackles and escaped from the dungeons. The Intellect, freed from the trammels of the personal will, soars into the ether of perception, where Instinct follows it in a thousand disguises, seeking to draw it down to earth.

In this rise into the azure of pure perception, attainable only by a very few human beings, the spectacular sense is born. Life is no longer good or evil. It is a perpetual play of forces without beginning or end. The freed Intellect merges itself with the World-Will and partakes of its essence. Life is good because it is sublime. The great evils of existence, from this supreme height, give to the Intellect, freed for the moment from the mere act of living, the same pleasure that the most unlettered person derives from the woes of Hamlet, Lear, Œdipus and Phédra. The grandeur of the tragedy of man is the justification for life. "God" is glorified because he is like Shakespeare. The cosmos is an atelier. Life is like a cinematograph performance where a hidden Operator throws on the screen of Time a moving-picture show that lasts for an eternity.

The Superman? He is the man who participates in life and watches his own antics with an indulgent irony. He is the man who is both actor and spectator at once. He is the man who commits all the follies of sentience for the sake of the gesture and in order to analyze his sensations. He is the man who re-invents and reappraises himself each day; one who walks ahead of himself perpetually; one who dances with joy on the catafalque of yesterday; one who indulges every passion and is the flower of culture.

He is Wagner rather than Napoleon. He is Stendhal. He is Jules de Gaultier.

LAMENT

By Le Baron Cooke

Shrilly cries the wind,
All the world is bare;
Each sound is like an
Echo of despair.

Down thru leafless boughs
Madly pelts the rain,
Like the trees, my heart
Sighs with autumn pain.

Summer's gone the way
Of all things that fade;
But why with me have
Summer memories stayed?

LIFE

By Le Baron Cooke

My friends depart,
One by one,
Leaving me memories
They will never know.

Cocktails and Philosophy

(Continued from page 52)

time began. Look at my success, not measured in dollars and cents, if you please, but in the size of my audiences. I wanted more than anything else to become a popular singer; I wanted to please everyone with my singing. And when I saw great auditoriums all over this country filling to capacity every time I appeared, I had something to make me happy. Perhaps it's the happiness of gratitude. Anyway, a great happiness came to me, I felt it, yes, I sang it. That's what the critics have observed."

The cocktail had disappeared. Instead of the silver spoon, Madam toyed with a fifteen-carat diamond that was suspended from a platinum chain around her neck. Referring to it, as she held it almost caressingly between her fingers, she said: "here's my little present to myself for being industrious and for being so happy in my work." It was a fine award of merit, even for a golden-throated prima donna. "When I was a little girl," she explained, "it seems to me now that I had two ambitions in life. One was to be an accomplished musician—you know I was a piano student before it was discovered that I could sing—and the other was to have a big diamond. I don't know why it was—perhaps I got the idea from a picture of a princess, queen or somebody like that—but I always wanted a large diamond to suspend from my throat. When I was a little girl, I used to promise myself that some day I'd earn enough money to purchase it. Well, it was many years before I did earn the money, for you know that my singing in the early days didn't bring enough for that, after I paid for living expenses. But then I came to America and America received me with open arms and literally showered dollars into the box-office to hear me sing, and incidentally to let me know that I could buy my diamond. I've worked pretty hard, you know; it's not all play for a singer. The traveling is quite a test of endurance, that is, if one travel as I have done within the past three years. Well, last summer I felt that I had earned a vacation for myself, so I went to France. I had plenty of money to spend; really, it seemed that I had enough to buy anything that I wanted to make me happy. And what was the principal thing, I remembered the one thing that I had wanted when I was a girl—yes, above all else, except to be a musician—so I went to a jeweler and picked out the finest diamond he had in his store. I had earned it—I even felt that I deserved it—not so much perhaps because I was so good, but because I had wanted it all my life. And now the strange part of it is that this single diamond practically satisfied my desire for jewelry; it seems that I want and care for nothing else—but I love my diamond. Now I don't

want to appear to be quoting Pollyanna in the story, but it does seem to me from my experience that if you want anything enough, if you help your wanting along by working with all your might for it, that you'll get it. The trouble with us is, that, either we don't want hard enough, or we merely desire and don't do anything to help things along. I believe that almost anything is possible for us to accomplish if we convince ourselves that it is possible and never waver in the belief."

There are several little features connected with the signing of the contract with the Metropolitan Opera that Madam disclosed later in the conversation—details which I believe never have been printed before. For example, it has been widely published that Signor Gatti-Casazza, impresario of the great institution, heard her sing when she first arrived from Buenos Aires, that he made uncomplimentary remarks concerning her voice and very willingly permitted her to go to the Chicago Opera Company, where she made her sensational success that prompted the attention of the entire company. It was the fashion of the newspaper writers to accuse him of poor judgment; and it was said that he bitterly regretted what he had done. As a matter of fact, Madam did not sing for the Metropolitan impresario upon her first arrival in New York and he had no opportunity to pass favorable or unfavorable judgment upon her work.

Fully a year before the announcement was made at the Metropolitan that Madam had been engaged to sing there during the present season, Galli-Curci was in New York to fill an engagement. A representative of the Metropolitan, or one acting as an agent, called upon her and made inquiries concerning a Metropolitan engagement to begin in the autumn of 1921. The singer gave him an evasive reply and when he had departed, she went to the telephone in person, called Gatti-Casazza and said: "you're a business man?" He replied in the affirmative. "Well, I am a business woman. Supposing that we have a little business conversation, just between ourselves. Supposing that you call upon me at my hotel?"

The impresario called the same day. "All the formalities of agents and go-betweens were dispensed with," related Madam. "Signor Gatti-Casazza presented his contract, which was very much to my liking and I signed it, after which we shook hands and had a pleasant chat. For several business reasons we agreed that the matter should have no publicity for some time—in fact, it was almost a year before the announcement was made. It was agreed between us that if I were forced to reply to the question that seemed to be of general interest in the newspapers, I would say that I would

not sing for Gatti-Casazza. In turn, if he were called upon to make a denial of reported contracts, he might even go so far as to speak publicly of my 'singing flat' with the further assertion that he didn't care to have me upon the roster of his singers. Thus it came about that only a few persons knew of the existence of the contract. One who knew was Miss Mary Garden, impresario of the Chicago company. And that reminds me, you've read a good many newspaper stories about an unfriendliness between Miss Garden and myself. Wrong! I must admit that in the earlier day I listened to other people and didn't do enough thinking for myself. Always I had the greatest admiration for Miss Garden's histrionic work, always I admitted that she was a wonderful woman; but the truth is, that I was not well acquainted with her personally and I imagined that we were not very friendly—from what others told me. Perhaps my eyes were opened in regard to Miss Garden, as they were opened to other things, as I told you some time ago, and I found that when I thought for myself I loved Miss Garden the woman, as I admired her artistic skill and achievements. Do you see how it works? It is all a part of my great awakening to happiness. I had gone along in a fog, imagining that I wasn't happy and that there were people I didn't like. Then came the great and universal love, the great happiness followed—and after happiness, my critics noticed, and I noticed myself, that there was a marked improvement in my singing."

New Yorkers may not be surprised if the season of 1921 not only marks the début of Madam Galli-Curci at the Metropolitan, but that the management honors her by making her début the opening performance of the season at the historic house.

DIAMONDS AND PEARLS

By Bio de Casseres

A gold brown violin
That knew only the reverent touch of
wind
As it rippled across its tense sweetness;
Stirring to life little melodies
Like wild wood miniatures within a pool
Or 'prisoned light in diamonds.

A gold brown violin
That waked to immortality
When Love had swept the strings;
Too vibrant to rest,
Too raptured to be still—
It poured its treasure like a crystal spring,
And Love was wreathed in pearls.



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Franz Molnar and Sauce Piquante

(Continued from page 37.)

Magyar may own to in a lofty degree) quite lacking in an inconquerable *bonhomie*.

Molnar is the modern spokesman for the Budapest I have just described. When one contemplates that over forty per cent. of the artists and literary men in Hungary are Jews, it is not surprising to find Hungary's most beloved dramatist with Jewish blood in his veins. Molnar's family is well-to-do, and he was carefully educated at the universities of Geneva and Budapest. He commenced his literary career at the age of eighteen, contributing humorous tales and dialogs to the newspapers. Their wit, careless charm and exquisiteness of form immediately won for him a large number of readers. Then came a successful period of miscellaneous journalism which quickly brought him into national prominence. About this time he married Margaret Vaszi, also a journalist of note. They lived together only two years; at the end of that time they were divorced and Molnar married again. He is now living in Budapest with his second wife, who is an actress. His wife appears, from time to time, in her husband's plays. The translator of "Liliom" gives a graphic description of his personal appearance, which I transcribe in part:

"For a portrait of him as he is today," he says, "you have to think of Oscar Wilde at the height of his glory. A big pudgy face, immobile and pink, smooth-shaven, its childlike expressionlessness accentuated by the monocle he always wears, tho' rather belied by the gleam of humor in his dark, alert eyes. His hair is iron-grey, his figure stocky and about medium height."

In Budapest, in coffee house and theatrical circles, Molnar has the reputation of being a wit of the first order, an imitable raconteur. This is scarcely surprising in view of his sure mastery of the art of dialog. Remarkable, too, is his use of wit and the fine modulation of it. Wit badly or ineptly employed, with no sensibility of the rise and fall of mood, the adjustment of tempo, is apt to cloy or pall; and no one knows this better than the successful comedy writer. But writers, as a general rule, without the benefit of second thought, do not often prove easy conversationalists, even when they are reputed to be masters of the give-and-take of scintillating dialog in their work. Macaulay and Dr. Johnson are rather exceptions that prove the rule; and one is not sure that one would care to be regaled nowadays by Macaulay's brand of wit, which was, I guess, as heavy and browbeating as his grandiloquent prose. In this connection I am forcibly reminded, in passing, of Dr. Johnson's snapshot remark apropos of Colley Cibber, the comedy writer and

author of "The Careless Husband." "It is wonderful," said Johnson, "that a man, who for forty years has lived with the great and the witty, should have acquired so ill the talents of conversation; and he had but half to furnish; for one-half of what he said was oaths."

The temptation to dwell at extended length on Molnar's personal character, which is curiously spectacular, is indeed irresistible. But we will have to content ourselves with a few salient examples of the traits and typical attitudes of the man. Curiously enough, little of Molnar's character, as we know it, is floated on the upper stratum of his plays. But if we delve deeper into the recesses of the origin of subconscious processes we may, like the pearl-diver, return with something priceless. In the main, Molnar appears to hold rigorously aloof from his characters; he meddles just as little with the logic of his plot; and this seeming artistic disinterestedness impresses one with the sense of a perfected technique, an unwavering command over the medium of the theater. So much at least has been demonstrated by repeated triumphs with his playgoing public.

Molnar in his personal and social life mirrors the indolent stir of his own *luxus Stadt*. He loves its carefree idleness and he spends himself generously in pursuit of its innermost heart. His is at bottom, altho' not on the surface, an eminently restless spirit, and this restlessness is apparent in his best work. Sometimes it turns into cynicism and sometimes into the bitter-end despair of satire or cruel-seeming inhumanity, coupled with a logic of rigid form that transcends the logic of human feelings and emotions. So that frequently his plays give the impression of being machine-made or too well-made. His inhumanity, on occasions, does rise to the surface, and is thinly veiled as the interpretation of life in terms of a frivolous adventure, a highly-tinted escapade, a bittersweet affair of the heart, with the bitterness, mostly, precipitated at the bottom of the cup. Like the metaphorical beaker of Lucretius, his plays are smeared with honey at the brim, but the inner content is acrid like an apothecary's draught.

These are, to be sure, purely psychological factors in the man and his work, but they should not be lost sight of in any effort to appraise him. For if we note that, deep down, Molnar cringes constantly before an obsession of failure, we can partly explain why he chooses the royal road to success, namely, that of the well-made play. It is said of him that he can bear nothing so little as a first-night *débauche*. The French formula is therefore a natural outcome of this dominant apprehension. Thus we may understand why so many of his plays are, in the last

analysis, unsatisfactory, sleazy and meretricious. But when he has subsumed this insidious dread, as he has done now and again, under a wild, flame-like impulse to create truthfully out of himself, he has given us such fine psychological studies as "Liliom" and "The Phantom Rival."

One of his most sensational plays is "The Devil," which enjoyed a double run in New York under the auspices of two competing managers. The Devil, in Molnar's piece, is frankly a Nietzschean conception. The plot is meager enough, but it abounds in gripping individual scenes which are, however, distinctly *au theatre*. If the play is noteworthy at all, it is so chiefly by virtue of its protagonist, Dr. Miller or the Devil, who, if he were more human and less necromantic, would disabuse us of the persistent impression of theatrical legerdemain, like the magician who draws white rabbits out of his silk hat. But the dialog of this play, as indeed of all Molnar's plays, including such early pieces as "The Doctor" (1902), and "Josie" (1904), stands out as genuine and pointed—genuine when the minor personages speak and pointed when the Devil utters some suave amorous cynicism. Even when Molnar flagrantly employs the French formula, he betrays a spontaneous brilliancy and an insight into the innermost hearts of his men and women; and this insight is the upshot of a fiercely contacting organ or sense that probes to the quick of sentient things.

Molnar may, and he often does, use antithesis and paradox in his dialog, but the words he generally suborns for his uses tend to convey an exact sense of warm and throbbing speech. This speech is almost always relentlessly idiomatic and indigenously racy.

Molnar's inhumane bravado which communicates the evil bloom of cynicism to his plays, is time and time again caught in recurrent episodes of his personal life. The story is told of a dinner given to a well-known young Hungarian poet to which Molnar, along with the rest of literary and artistic Budapest, had been invited. Molnar was requested to offer a toast to the guest of honor. The Hungarian dramatist, wearing an exquisitely wearied air, rose slowly to his feet, lifted his glass and spoke as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: Our poet's private character, as we all know, is pure and impeccable; no breath of scandal can ever sully it. Let us drink to that, remembering, however, that his poetry, which is undoubtedly a reflection of that smooth, immaculate life, is unspeakably bad—so bad, in fact, that I cannot help marveling that he was able to find a publisher for it." This toast, remember, was uttered placidly and with the most seri-

(Continued on page 68)

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and
Richard Dix

by

Rupert Hughes

Directed by
E. Mason Hopper



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This picture *lives*. It is something refreshingly new in the art of the screen.

Rupert Hughes writes: "As in my picture 'The Old Nest,' it is life itself that provides the difficulties and the heart-breaks. This is a sort of Pilgrim's Progress. I have tried to picture the life of every girl in the life of one girl."



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Franz Molnar and Sauce Piquante

(Continued from page 66)

ous demeanor in the world.

Such, then, is Franz Molnar in his everyday mask and habit; make of him what you will. Notwithstanding this trait of ruthless candor, of debonaire insolence and self-assurance, Molnar has managed, paradoxically enough, to gather about him a devoted circle of friends. Perhaps the deep-lying reason for this strange fidelity on the part of his friends will emerge clearly enough for the searching reader when we come to discuss "Lilium," Molnar's flimsily disguised *apologia pro sua vita*.

In view of this outer inhumanity or super-humanity of the Hungarian dramatist, many, no doubt, will be tempted to read a slightly transmuted self-portrait of the author into the character of Dr. Miller or the Devil. Beyond question, as in "Lilium," Molnar has in some degree put himself into this rather flashy play, and, with his customary cynicism, he has perhaps imputed several of his own stony and impregnable qualities to the betrayer of mankind. This is only equivalent to saying that an ironic obduracy toward the rebuffs of life is his characteristic way of facing the subtle perplexities of things. The Devil is, one might say, a crystallization of a subconscious ideal. Goethe, who was a great thinker as well as a poet, conceived Mephistopheles as

"Part of that Power, not understood,
Which always wills the bad, and always
works the good."

But Molnar is satisfied with a more meretricious conception of Satan. Molnar's Devil reveals himself utterly in the following words of counsel to one of his victims:

"The only end of life is to burn—to burn yourself up. You must flame and blaze like a torch and toss the fire about you. I know. Your moralists tell you to love one another—don't believe them. Your grubby little earth with its paltry million years is not ripe for such a love as that. It can only breed monks, madmen and Methodists. Don't be a fool. Be a rogue—but be a jolly rogue, and the world is yours!" Goethe's evil spirit proclaims "I am the spirit who denies." But the Devil, in Molnar's version, is the spirit that cries "Yea!" to life. In another place, he says, "Do not pose. Be yourself." Dr. Miller, then, the yea-saying spirit, envisages life stripped of all false illusion and so, when it falls in with his cunning intent, he whispers in Else's ear: "But remember, you have one weapon which will deal the death-blow to the most attractive woman—to the woman who knows every card in the game of love—that one weapon is purity."

Molnar's brilliancy of dialog is mani-

fest in almost every scene of "The Devil." When Olga remarks of a letter she has been writing, that she has put in it everything she never meant to say, the Devil replies, "If women wrote time-tables, they would tell the hours that the train didn't start and all the places you mustn't stop at to get to your destination." When, however, this play is narrowly scrutinized, it will be found, I think, to show up crudely artificial in conception and trimmed with festoons of dazzling tinsel. In short, you cannot help feeling that Dr. Miller remains more or less of a god out of the machine, an obligatory finger, as it were, whose purpose is to knit or unravel the piquant situations. The play therefore does not move naturally, nor are the characters allowed to unfold in a convincing fashion. They possess, one may assert, all the outward tricks and gestures of real persons, but like so many docile manikins, they are pulled about willy-nilly by the unearthly visitant, the demon from Beyond Good and Evil.

"Testor," or "Where Ignorance is Bliss" (as it was called in the English version), was produced several years ago by Mr. Belasco. The real meaning of the title is "The Guardsman." It is an exceedingly interesting study and analysis of two vain people, a man and a woman; but here again we may detect the incurable French influence in the weaving of the plot. "The Guardsman" is *sauce piquante* with a paprika vengeance, so to speak; it is most typical, most indicative of Molnar's talent, altho I am far from putting it down as his finest play.

An actor and actress, both well-known, who have been married only a short time, commence to bicker about the superiority of their respective talents. They are *en route*, evidently, to set each other's nerves on edge and, what is more, the husband realizes (by the dreamy, soulful way she plays Chopin) that she is heading inevitably for a love affair with some one else. He notes that she casts longing glances at a handsome officer of the Guard who passes every day below her window. The husband, cannily desiring to anticipate her imminent flirtation, to dissolve it in harmless fashion, and at the same time to prove his superior talent at mummery, disguises himself as the officer of the Guard. The device appears to work. He lays ardent siege to his wife's affection and his suit is in train to be crowned with success. Whereupon, reflecting on what might have happened if the lover were truly some one else, he grows insanely jealous of his disguised self, even while he rejoices in his achievement as an actor. At least, she must admit now, he is far more gifted than herself!

He leaves his wife and returns later

in his own person to upbraid her, husband-wise, for her impending infidelity. But in the last scenes of the play the wife reveals more than even the husband is aware of. She informs him that she responded to his advances only because she pierced the obviousness of his disguise at once, and merely wished to find out how far he was prepared to carry the ruse. This play needs no extended comment; when we have said that it is *sauce piquante*, we have said, I think, everything.

A far more vital play, however, dashed with rather more irony than hot paprika, is "A Farkas" ("The Wolf"), or as it was called when put on here, "The Phantom Rival." The theme is a very plausible one indeed; namely, that every woman has lurking within her buried or awakened memory, the steadfast ideal of her first love, and that ideal, beyond everything else, serves as a touchstone whereby she tests all men, even her husband. This theory has no small basis in experience and in the findings of modern psychology. But here, as in so many of his other plays, while the motivating idea is piquante and unassailably true, the working out of that idea is far less happy and veracious.

In this play the husband is inordinately jealous. She tells him that many years ago she had been loved by a gallant Russian, who finally left her but promised to return. She shows his farewell letter. It is a boyish missive, full of high-flown promises and pledges, obviously the fruit of an adoring puppy love. The proud boy promises to come back either as a great statesman or an opera singer. Even if he fails to realize his soaring ambitions, he will come back anyway, he says, as a waiter or a tramp, if need be. He returns in these several guises in a dream which the wife has, and it is the dream which ekes out the body of the play. When she awakens, however, she meets the real lover in the flesh. He has come, like an errand boy, with a message for her husband from a Russian diplomat. She soon learns that he has completely forgotten his puerile letter. Far from winning military or political honors, which the vapors of her dream triumphantly bestowed upon him, he went to war, when he did, as a clerk in the commissary department because it was safe. Long ago he abandoned the cultivation of his voice because practising scales wearied him. Finally, to top off the dragging cruelties of reality as compared with the frail but iridescent dream, he proudly announces that he is going to marry a Roumanian girl whose father has promised him five thousand pigs by way of dowry. The bubble of her illusion

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Keeping the Faith

(Continued from page 29)

do what he has now accomplished. I am going to continue with my work; give the people what they want, and some day, when I have enough finance, produce what I should like them to want. Everything will come in its right time. Perhaps I am not sufficiently groomed yet."

Of pictures, he says, he has no "delusions." "No, I don't laugh at the movies, but I don't go to see them unless they're worth-while. I shall never forget 'The Miracle Man'; I was twisted with thrills at 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde'; I don't think any drama aroused me more than Mr. Griffith's 'Way Down East.' To me, the greatness of a picture, as the greatness of a play, isn't what it makes one think, but how it makes one feel.

"I know some men of the legitimate stage who joke about their exploits in screenland, making excuses for being involved. It's just a case of meaning extra money. I don't feel that way. It's not necessary to excuse Charles Ray, Mary Pickford, and certainly, Charlie Chaplin. They are artists in their sphere. Lillian Gish, I think, is superb. The interesting observation about all these people who excel is that they take their work, if not themselves, seriously. They don't deprecate, dissipate, or deteriorate. And when I go into pictures, it isn't going to be casual."

Talking with Mr. Hull revived the hope that romance in the young of the theater isn't impossible. We have our juveniles and leading men: Glenn Anders, Alan Dinehart, Percy Helton, Alfred Lunt, Gregory Kelly, Walter Regan, Richard Dix, Stuart Sarge, Frank Conroy, William H. Powell, James Rennie.

Mr. Hull has the histrionic heritage and the mission to continue the work of a gifted brother, which, coupled with the guidance of an ingenious sister-in-law, plus humor, intelligence, grace, a modulatory voice and quixotic head, should bring him a place of his own on the stage.

PENIEL

By Bio De Casseres

I, the eternal yea,
Breasting the dawn,
The sky, and trees above me,
Sure in my supineness.
And you, in your nay,
Turning from life
To beat your brow upon the earth—
Thus, face to face,
Our eyes meet, level lengths
Of pain at merge in joy.
Your heart has found its satin rest,
My arms have clasped their heaven—
A world all rose and gold with purple
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dark brown...medium brown...light brown...

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Rudyard Kipling

(Continued from page 39)

the outlook and mentality of an English schoolboy with a writer's talent of the first-class. Sir Maitland Park, his first editor in Allahabad, India, who died recently in Cape Town, used to say: "If Kipling had vision, he might have been among the world's greatest."

Kipling indeed is curiously articulate; his love of new words, his command of technical terms, his instinct for painting phrases is Shakespearian, but while Shakespeare was a thinker who peered into the future

*Far as human eye could see
Saw the vision of the world and all the
wonders that would be"*

Kipling was content to have his horizon bounded by the British Tommy and the skies peopled by British officers. Never was there a more remarkable instance of the insularity of that island people.

English snobbishness, too, is his characteristic weakness. When the officers at mess on the north-west frontier of India lift their glasses to the toast of "The Queen," tears, he says, come into their eyes and their voices break. I often wonder whether even Kipling could have written this nonsense if he had once heard Queen Victoria talk her broken jargon with a strong German accent. In her own home, whether at Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle, she always insisted on talking German. There is a story told of her visiting a German Jew millionaire's house near Balmoral and requesting a cup of tea. The hostess in a flutter sent for tea, venturing meanwhile to present her two little daughters. As soon as the Queen found they didn't know German, she drove off in a pet exclaiming against the stupidity of bringing up children in ignorance of their native language.

Curiously enough, Kipling has been rewarded for his shortcomings and honored for his defects. Not only was he made Doctor of Literature by both Oxford and Cambridge, but he, who has done more than any Englishman to sow hatred among the peoples, is the only English recipient of the Nobel prize and it was the English Academy and the English Authors' Society, I believe, that brought him this astonishing distinction. He deserves the Nobel prize for literature, just as Mr. Wilson deserved the Nobel prize for peace. His praise of the Egyptian "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" paints him to the life:

*"E's a daisy, 'E's a ducky, 'E's a lamb.
'E's an infia rubber idiot on the spree,
'E's the only thing that doesn't give a damn*

For a Regiment of British Infantry."
This extravagant patriotism brought Rome to ruin; the road up, as Nietzsche has said, is thru real values.

The ideal of officer and gentleman was enlarged by Shakespeare to include the scholar; and now we should have to think of gentleman, scholar, artist, to free ourselves of any tinge of race-limitation.

Wise men everywhere are beginning to reject these narrow classifications; we are impatient of being called English or German, having in us an ideal higher even than belongs as yet to humanity; we are sons of men and already eager to be known as Sons of God.

Who shall put limits to our achievement?

Shaw would have us live three hundred years and, indeed, time and space are no longer boundaries to us, but mere conditions of our thinking, conveniences and not swaddling-clothes.

Among the choice and master-spirits, the seers and prophets of the future, the Englishman Kipling has no place.

Ezra Pound: Expatriate Poet

(Continued from page 19)

Pound has carried into poetry a battle similar to that which H. L. Mencken has fought in his criticism against American Puritanism, conventionality, material self-sufficiency. Not that these themes are confined to any one soil and climate, as Pound and Mencken would have us believe. But they have provided both men with material for some of their best work. One's regret is that these writers have suffered from a redundant emphasis of their anti-ism. One cannot find what they stand for. All grows negative, nothing positive. And the creative world calls for the positive. One is grateful to the smug for inspiring so fine a poem as the following Salutation:

*"O generation of the thoroly smug
and thoroly uncomfortable,
I have seen fishermen picknicking in the
sun,*

*I have seen them with untidy families,
I have seen their smiles full of teeth
and heard ungainly laughter.*

*And I am happier than you are,
And they were happier than I am;
And the fish swim in the lake
and do not even own clothing."*

But one has an argument with Pound, as with Mencken, when he tries to hammer home the impression that nothing else exists in America. And even tho nothing else existed, and if there are, as both men avow, other and better matters elsewhere, why not test oneself with these, instead of offering combat to elements which are inferior? Pound, the derogatory critic, has well-nigh finished Pound, the poet. If he were uncertain of his own ability, required the support of public acclamation, there might be some human justification for his attacks on his inferiors. But no man is more confident of his own merits and rank. In the concluding lines of a Salutation to his books, he cries:

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Curtain

(Continued from page 35)

to be won. But you must choose the right moment. For a few years, at least, you will know better than to try to speak to a woman of love when she is hungry and cold and when the very thought of love is as distasteful as—

HE: Spare me the humiliating comparison. My sincerest thanks for the lesson. I trust I shall find it useful before I die. I kiss your hand.

(Raises his hat and exits at left. The moment he vanishes, The Young Man enters at right)

SHE: (throws her arms around his neck) At last you have come.

THE YOUNG MAN: Sweetheart!

SHE: Kiss me . . . Kiss me . . . This beautiful melancholy autumn morning makes me yearn more ardently than ever for the warmth of your lips. Embrace me. Hold me close. You've never been so dear to me as now, never so sweet, never so thrilling—as now.

(They embrace as)

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Ezra Pound: Expatriate Poet

(Continued from page 70)

"But, above all, go to practical people—
Go! jangle their door-bells!
Say that you do not work
And that you will live forever!"

And in another place he calmly brags of the fact that, unlike others of his countrymen,

"I have weathered the storm,
I have beaten out my exile."

I do not mean to give the impression that Pound is any less an artist for being what he is and feeling this, that and the other about America, or any other nation. I only wish to indicate that he has wasted incalculable quantities of invaluable energy condemning elements which he scorns, and which he might more wisely let live or resign to the arms of the reformer. Pound has an imperishable sense of beauty. And with the simple, direct, private gesture of setting its varied expressions to paper, like any master in mosaics, has given and will continue to give pleasure of a very high order. And which no amount of enmity, actual or fancied, can disturb, whether it emanates from New York, London or his present beloved Paris. Certainly no man in the present generation has a prouder record of poetry to his name than Pound in the single volume of collected poems he published at the age of thirty-three, under the significant title, *Lustra*. And no man could ask much more of the gods than to be equipped with the sensibility and the power to express such a poem as *Ortus*:

(Continued on page 73)

Announcement

A MODERN SALOME CONTEST

ABOUT a year ago Hope Hampton Productions, Inc., offered \$3,000.00 in prizes for the best essays on their picture entitled "The Modern Salome." The judges of the contest were Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws, one of the foremost artists of America, Mr. Burns Mantle, dramatic critic of the New York "Evening Mail" and contributor to "Photoplay Magazine," and Mr. Eugene V. Brewster, editor and publisher of the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland. At the close of the contest the judges were widely separated in different parts of the country and awarding of prizes was considerably delayed. Additional delays were made necessary by reason of the disagreement by the judges, but at last they have agreed and they have announced the following winners: 1st Prize of \$1,000.00 to Evelyn A. Sweeney, 22 Beech St., Larchmont, N. Y.; 2nd Prize of \$500.00 to Lenore R. Wadsworth, 601 West 162nd St., N. Y. C.; 3rd Prizes, 5 awards of \$100.00, to Marie Van Buren, c/o Mathews & Co., Pavonia Ave. & Hamilton Park, Jersey City, N. J.; Maude Kopke, 757 Carroll St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Peter T. Ward, 1249 Amsterdam Ave., N. Y. C.; Douglas F. Mussion, 1910 Baymiller St., Cincinnati, Ohio and Henry P. Teall of 189 Ashland Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.; 4th Prizes, 10 awards of \$50.00, to John L. Washburn, Williamstown, Mass., Mrs. F. J. Hofman, Mountain View, N. J., Edith M. Reichel, 406 E. Market St., Bloomington, Ill., C. Roberts, 1805 Canyon St., Washington, D. C., Helen C. Fletcher, 1639 West Ave. 54, Los Angeles, Calif., May Fillmore, 155 East 54th St., N. Y. C., Adele C. Hobbs, 125 Fort Greene Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., Richard B. Montgomery, 1013 Watchung Ave., Plainfield, N. J., Gertrude Murphy, 277 West 127th St., N. Y. C. and Mrs. Martha Smith, 448 Park Ave., N. Y. C.; 5th Prizes, 20 awards of \$25.00, to M. D. Israel, 21 West 10th St., N. Y. C., Miss Clara Lear, 1604 Madison Ave., N. Y. C., Ora Davis, 155 East 54th St., N. Y. C., A. Haklits, 155 East 54th St., N. Y. C., Mrs. Cora Castanore, Newark, N. J., Zelma Park, 805 Linden Ave., Pullman, Wash., Kathleen Driscoll, 53 East 131st St., N. Y. C., Ida Young Clift, 135 Hamilton Place, N. Y. C., Mrs. Ellene Lohn, 32 E. State St., Columbus, Ohio, Mrs. Pearl Bridgewater, 2007 Capitol Ave., Houston, Texas, L. Prior, 70 42nd St., Corona, L. I., John P. Knox, 144 East 149th St., N. Y. C., Mrs. Herman Dallman, 616 W. McClellan St., Sioux Falls, So. Dakota, Estelle Cudner, 155 E. 54th St., N. Y. C., Margaret Koch, 155 E. 54th St., N. Y. C., E. C. Bickham, 918 No. 12th St., Quincy, Ill., Florence W. Schenck, 345 W. 23rd St., N. Y. C., Theodore A. Funk, 463 Karwin Ave., Detroit, Mich., Catherine Sullivan, c/o Mrs. A. J. Mollman, 705 Fulton Ave., Hannibal, Mo., Corinne Dorsen, 13 W. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill. The Hope Hampton Productions, Inc., sent to this office a certified check for \$3,000.00 and on July 29th checks were mailed to the winners above mentioned.

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Lines o' Beauty

TIME was when two little words "she paints" sounded like the passing of a sentence on some moral shortcoming. But times have changed. Today, it is only the woman who makes up badly that we decry. For the woman who makes up so cleverly that we do not detect the aid of the powder puff or rouge jar, we have only admiration. If she does it so artistically that her brother, sweetheart or husband gives Nature all the credit for her creamy skin, rosy lips and exquisitely arched eyebrows, we'll not be cattish and undecieve them. She is only helping out where Nature forgot a few things. And it's not necessary for men to know everything—any more than it's necessary for women to know that men, too, are addicted to face packs, various creams and lotions—yes—and even a bit of powder now and then.

Someone has said that health is the best cosmetic. A clever remark and true—which rather mars its cleverness. But it's really a fact that health is a most desirable asset—without it our capacity for either usefulness or happiness is sadly limited. And with the advance of hygienic knowledge we have come to realize the importance of health in the attainment of physical beauty. So it behooves us all to live up to and spread the gospel of hygienic living.

The well-groomed woman and man proclaim to the world the attention they give and the care they devote to every part of the body. There have been many maxims written about cleanliness—but this one is unique—and true. "Beauty commonly produces love, but cleanliness preserves it."

Extreme purity of the skin being absolutely necessary for health, it follows that the daily bath is the best and surest means of obtaining a skin that is pure, firm and sound. The warm bath for cleansing, the cold for stimulating; plenty of fresh air; outdoor exercise to stimulate the sluggish bowels and poor circulation—a régime of diet, activity and right thinking—meaning health and charm as a part of the daily life.

Nothing can endow the face with a lovelier glow than health of body and soul—except a dainty touch of color here and there. Nature does, sometimes, for one reason or another fall down on her

job—and it cannot be denied that pallor is, at times, a very pretty thing. It is said to spiritualize the countenance—to invest it with something ethereal, adorable. But all pale faces are not good to look upon. In that case, why should we not resort to color—even as we have resorted to artificial aid in our coiffures and to the art of the corsetier?

Not a make-up that is obvious with half-a-dozen different colors—but a color so carefully chosen and deftly applied that it brings back the vanished touch of spring to a face which, tho it may be still young, would have been condemned to autumn's dismal greyness. Health, by all means—and a discreet use of cosmetics—Nature's first aid.

Bad make-up is usually a lively disregard of colors. The lip-stick one shade of red—the rouge another. Dead white powder is smeared on an olive skin. A black pencil will be used on brown eyebrows. The blending of correct colors on the face is an art requiring some study and much discrimination.

And right here is something new under the sun. There came to us a letter from Paris recently from one of New York's famous beauty specialists. She was at work with prominent chemists in Paris learning to blend rouges and powders. Just as the fashion changes in frocks, so it does in cosmetics, she writes. They try to get the skin as clear as possible and use a dark powder with lively colors in rouge.

"The skin as clear as possible" has been always the policy of this particular specialist who was a physician before she was a beauty specialist. There can be no beauty of a face without health, she advises. If the skin is ill, she treats it as a physician, with the same care and intelligence. Not to satisfy a man's vanity but because she thinks it a duty to be well and to look as well as possible.

To cleanse, stimulate and build—to make each preparation for the skin, each treatment, each set of exercises as perfect as science could make them. It sounds intriguing, does it not?

And with the newest blends of powder and rouge to give the last touch of dainty and fastidious care—

"'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call, But the joint force and full result of all."



Ezra Pound: Expatriate Poet

(Continued from page 71)

"How have I labored?
How have I not labored
To bring her soul to birth,
To give these elements a name and a
center!
She is beautiful as the sunlight, and as
fluid.
She has no name, and no place.
How have I labored to bring her soul into
separation;
To give her a name and her being!

Surely you are bound and entwined,
You are mingled with the elements
unborn;
I have loved a stream and a shadow.

I beseech you enter your life.
I beseech you learn to say "I"
When I question you:
For you are no part, but a whole;
No portion, but a being!"

And no man has done more for his friends, and each worthy of his faith, than Pound. He was the founder of Imagism, now a household expression among English-speaking people, the champion of Vorticism, which gave us Wyndham Lewis, T. S. Eliot, Gaudier-Brzeska and James Joyce, and is at present waging war for the Parisian Dadas. When he is not sitting at his own table, inditing his own poems, let him praise the work of others of his stature. No man is his superior therein. As for the men he derides, and that phase of America he abhors, these are material for poorer weapons than Pound. Let them die of their own inanition. People will cease to have recourse to the popular question, originally propounded by the late Arthur J. Eddy, "Why does Ezra Pound?" and substitute one such as "Why does Ezra Praise?" and gain exquisite benefit from the examination. Pound is an unerring lover.

As Pound is personally not at all terrifying, except for a rapier-like wit which you have to guard against, I ventured the suggestion that he ought at least to return home for a recital tour. "If the Americans paid me enough, I'd risk it a bit. A man writes for the honor of the thing in France. And the honor of the thing doesn't always provide for him and his family. Besides, do you see?"—and he raised his glass for a toast to the Eighteenth Amendment. The blood of the boulevards flows thru Pound. And he has the look and the dress and the swagger of the boulevards. It is hard to fancy these in front of a woman's club audience in Main Street. They'd pay him handsomely—I know—and he'd regale them and they him—but I'm afraid that so long as Paris is wine and the Atlantic water, and the spirit (for him) of his birthplace and present rendezvous are as far apart as those two beverages, America will see nothing of its leading expatriate. This would be too bad for—Ezra Pound.



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Franz Molnar and Sauce Piquante

(Continued from page 68)

thus mercilessly pricked, the wife takes up her humdrum tasks of everyday existence with a wry smile at the little ironies of circumstance.

If "Lilium" impresses one as Molnar's finest play, it is because its irony is poignant and winged, because its pathos is lingeringly deep and full. To those who have seen the play, I need not point out that the character portrayal is vividly rich; but it is worth while observing that the workmanship in this play is bound by no set formula. It failed in London, in Budapest and Vienna, but it remained for the Theatre Guild to turn "Lilium" into a brilliant success. "Lilium," answering to the unvoiced depths of Molnar's disturbed being, is more in the nature of a lyrical poem than a play.

Of such a play as this, which seems to widen our horizon of thought and human sympathy, we can only say that we have been acted upon by something magical and new; that we have been purged with pity and cleansed by pitiful human aspiration. We may question the truth of details, such as the speech beginning "Nobody's right." Lilium's fumbling, mist-shrouded vision, Lilium's conflicting half-born impulses and his inhibited haltingness of speech; in a word, Lilium's personal futility in the world, even at the last moment of his sojourn in it, were too prevailing and immense to enable him to utter anything like this bit of clairvoyance. But by almost any test available, and best of all by the test of emotional response, the psychological values are well-nigh perfect. And this may be due, as I have suggested, to the fact that Molnar, who hitherto sought to conceal himself behind the smoke-screen of a formula, has cast off artifice and put himself unreservedly into this piece, so that it rises to the plane of emotional biography. The key to this play is the key to Molnar's self.

Popular Idols

(Continued from page 47)

rels. He must know that he can never recapture that first fine careless rapture of last July.

Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford have long been popular idols. They came into great public esteem deservedly because they expressed art as well as personality, because they possessed a style, an individuality that appealed to the whole of humanity. And with a shrewd intelligence nourished by experience with public taste they have managed to hold this appeal by a definite formula of seclusion. Two or three screen appearances a year suffice for them. As a consequence the public never gets surfeited.

Their art has ripened with the years. Chaplin, to my mind, is the one great genius of the screen. He can play upon all the strings of human emotions with equal facility. As for Mary Pickford,

she has the ineffable charm of simplicity and ingenuousness and youth.

Tho I believe I am keeping within the precincts of 100 per-centism in my selection of but a quartet of popular idols, there are many who would be far more reckless in compiling a list. They might employ a policy of hit and miss, and hit oftener than they miss. These names would probably include such names as Douglas Fairbanks, the eternally masculine of all film heroes. Norma Talmadge with her strange, dark beauty and Theda Bara, provided the vamp still exerts an appeal.

John Barrymore, among stage entertainers, can count his supporters by the thousands. So can Al Jolson, Fred Stone and George M. Cohan. If it were not for the latter's war with the Actors' Equity Association, the original list of popular idols could assuredly be expanded to five. The late Enrico Caruso was a figure of tremendous popularity in the musical world. So is John McCormack. But they are not popular idols in the sense that Ruth, Carpentier, Chaplin and Pickford are. They have not the same hold upon the imagination of the man in the street and the boy in the yard.

Then there is Lloyd George, a popular man with all of Northcliffe's foes, to say nothing of Asquith's. And Northcliffe, a popular hero to all of Lloyd George's enemies. Military and naval heroes must be considered, too, tho they no longer possess the extensive appeal of other days. "Papa" Joffre is popular. So is General Wood. Pershing is held in high esteem. Think, however, of the days of Dewey and Togo! Think of the staggering array of babies, cats and dogs named after them!

H. G. Wells is popular with the reading public. Irvin Cobb is in wide demand at banquets. Hearst is popular now and then at Tammany Hall. Hoover is popular everywhere but in the Old Guard of the Republican Party. E. H. Gary seems to be popular in capitalist circles. Samuel Gompers seems to be more or less popular in labor circles. Jack Dempsey is a favorite of subpena servers.

Indeed, everybody is popular with the exception of Volstead. And I am not so sure about him.

MUTATION

By Barbara Hollis

Youth is a dream of ecstasy—
The tasting of the things we crave;
And while we sense the mighty "now"
We cannot see the waiting grave.

Fearless I looked on life—and death.
For life was sweet, and real—and new;
And death was just a phantom thing . . .
Until . . . until it came to you.

Life was so sure; and death a wraith;
I had not known that it could be;
But now . . . life is the phantom form.
And death is very real to me.

Youth had so little need of death.
It makes your going seem untrue,
How long the road, how real the wraith
Since death has come to you.

Motion Picture Magazine

November

The NOVEMBER MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE presents:-

The story of Broadway's new toy, **Tony Sarg** has brought an art which dates back to Old China to the metropolis. His shadowgraphs have proved very popular. Read about the art of them in "Old China Comes to Broadway."

An interesting story with **Irene Castle Tremen**. Incidentally, Irene Castle, who gave her name renown by her dancing, has decided to be known by the more recently acquired name of Tremen as well,—which proves that she is, as **Adele Whitely Fletcher** has called her interview, "Essentially a Fireman's Bride."

A word picture of **Mae Busch**. **Herbert Howe** paints colorful word pictures. Perhaps his subject this time was particularly worthy—certainly his portrayal of Miss Busch is unusually fine.

The story of the **Hollywood Community Theater** where the players of the screen indulge in curtain calls and footlight appearances when they are away from the studios. Incidentally, this theater has presented some unusually fine plays. It is an interesting story of an interesting subject.

There are other attractive features too and the usual artistic camera studies and informal pictures, snapped here, there and everywhere.

November
Motion Picture
Magazine

John Marin

(Continued from page 11)

ing external adventure—he has attended industriously to the business of art, working happily thru many influences and avoiding carefully the technical repetitions of the professional draughtsman; and now, at the age of fifty, he has brought his expression, especially in water-color, to a serene and distinguished beauty. He was born at Rutherford, New Jersey, and spent his early childhood, as he puts it, "making scrawls of rabbits and things." After the usual uninteresting sessions at the public schools, which included one year at the Hoboken Academy and four years at the Stevens High School, he began his long and thoro training in art. He was employed for several years in the offices of architects; he was a prize-winner in the sketch classes of the Philadelphia Academy, and he studied at the Art Students' League in New York. While in Europe, where he passed a number of years, he applied much of his time to etching, a medium which he handles with great skill, and thru which he gained his first substantial recognition. He has none of the instincts of the city dweller; he is satisfactorily married, lives with his family in the country near New York, and is fond of fishing and hunting. Every summer he goes to Maine and returns with a group of paintings, which have come to be an annual event in American art.

Mr. Marin was one of the first men to identify himself with the modern movement, and he has remained one of its leading exhibitors. Within recent years, after a long period of preparation, and after following numerous tendencies, he has arrived, not only at complete possession of his powers, but also at an appreciable worldly success. The French Government bought one of his oils; a water-color hangs in the Metropolitan Museum, and the collectors are busy. Every artist must discover, sooner or later, the medium and the motif best adapted to his pictorial gifts: with Mr. Marin it is the landscape in water-color, and in this field he has made himself unapproachable. In fact, the demand for his pictures is greater than the supply, a situation that would harass most people, but he continues to paint as he has always done, unhurried and unperturbed, well knowing that he could no more commercialize his productions than he could turn out illustrations for the popular magazines.

In much of the newer painting of today we can already detect signs of what may be termed a studio-art. Our young men, in their ambitions to do original things, are falling back on scientific and mathematical formulæ, are drifting gradually away from life, and relying on foreign precepts twice-removed from nature. Such a course indicates a mental limitation and ultimately results in decadence. In contrast with these indoor methods, the work of Mr. Marin presents the artist actuated by living forces, the investigator who views nature directly and independently, who looks at the world profoundly in the effort to dis-



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John Marin

cover the secrets of permanence. It would be impossible to think of his pictures without calling up immediately the man in the open country. Day after day and year after year he has contemplated the shifting and manifold aspects of landscapes. His vision and patience suggest the old masters of China; in truth his earlier water-colors are decidedly eastern, not only in the remarkable quality of the flat design, but also in the sensitive reflection of the observer in the presence of natural objects. On the other hand, it would not be difficult to show his affinity with Ryder, and further back, with Blake, but comparisons are hardly to the point—Mr. Marin is himself now, and his art is unhesitatingly personal. He has not been afraid to experiment, to throw aside most of a season's labor; he has had the courage of constant struggle, and the pictures he has chosen to save are his own reward as well as ours, the compositions of the true artist who has sought to get at the bottom of the baffling fluctuations of life, to rationalize the scene before him, and to find beneath it the eternal harmony of form.

Like every intelligent man who has devoted his life to painting, he has valuable opinions on art. His utterances contain many aesthetic truths, but he gives them somewhat reluctantly—not having cultivated the craft of verbal expression, he feels that his thoughts lack the dignity and precision of the practised writer. When he says that the human organism is the highest product of nature, he does not refer to physical superiority—he makes the distinction an artistic one. Man has the ability to use and to mold into combinations all of the unrelated products of the natural kingdom; the artist, with his imaginative faculties and his genius for organization, adapts these separate materials to his own purpose, and by means of selections to induce rhythm builds up a new form, a form which is endowed with a life of its own, not thru any intrinsic difference of the constituent elements but thru a new and beautiful combination of them. The finished work, the picture, is successful in proportion to its power to set the spirit into motion, and in this respect is distinguished from a mechanical contrivance. He believes that it is the artist's duty to utilize the countless facts of his experience so as to arouse the emotions of the spectator to the most intense degree possible, and that a picture to accomplish this end must be made to appeal both to the senses and the intellect. By such reasoning Mr. Marin explains the creative processes and proclaims art the spiritual voice of mankind.

He is perpetually searching for fundamentals, for the unalterable identity that underlies all mutations of time and circumstance. For example: a circle may be increased or diminished but the form remains; a spot of color may suffer a change of shape without losing its identity; and the human organism journeys from youth to old age, retaining at every stage its essential character. The artist

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The November Issue of
Motion Picture
CLASSIC

John Marin

endeavors to seize and to preserve the permanent: there are times when his confidence rises and his work fills him with satisfaction, but when he looks back on his pictures with a critical eye he is assailed with disappointments—art, like the machine of yesterday, is never perfect. There is but one law: to produce and destroy after the manner of nature—indolence and repetition are the heralds of death. Only the energy of the unsatisfied man will bring forth paintings that time cannot kill.

Mr. Marin sees in a landscape the potentialities of balanced identities analogous to the correlated members of the human figure. Each part must be a unit of structure, and yet must operate within itself and in conjunction with the other parts to achieve the full unity of form. If the several members are made to assume false positions, the balance is broken; if the contacts are true, the connecting lines evocative of rhythm, and the colors justly proportioned, an order is established which stimulates the spirit into activity and which creates a quality designated as the beautiful. He has described the art-product as a village, great or small according to the conception of the builder; he has said that the village must be compact and free, ready to meet the action of its age, whether swift or slow; and that it must be proof against the ravages of time.

It has been a number of years since Mr. Marin's modern pictures were first exhibited at "291," in the little gallery so intimately associated with the life of Alfred Stieglitz. In those days his work was influenced by Impressionism—it was too objective, too literal in its rendering of actual scenes, and lacking in tectonic stability. His recent developments represent the mature man: his color is bolder, often brilliant but always harmonious; he has departed from natural tone-values, and mastered the difficulties of simplification. His design is larger, more direct, and strengthened in general effect by heavier masses and sharper, more assured drawing. He is one of the very few men of the later tendencies who have really found themselves—most of these painters are still fighting the battles of Expression and following French idols—whose pictures can be pronounced finished and complete works of art. Mr. Marin is resentful of mispraise and is not much concerned about his relative position in his own department: it is only fair to say that he has carried the art of water-color painting further than any other American.

PRAYER

By Bto de Casseres

Your throat is a tenderness
Columned in Grecian beauty
To a mysterious temple
That makes my hands yearn to clasp as in
prayer;
Hands heavy and calloused,
Taking the iron of life like magnets,
And now molten,
Seeking the white mold of thy throat,
The tenderness that will turn them to
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Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine, April, 1921

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I can't tell *how*, but I can tell *why*. I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powderedorris root, bismuth subcarbonate, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. Most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera, for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid, flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there on the skin, with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. And, most of all, white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Peach Bloom Powder." I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and I feel justified in asking them to pay me what it costs me, which is about fifty cents a box or \$1.00 for two boxes. I am not in business and do not want to make a profit. If any of my readers want to try this powder I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market in a business way—that is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it.



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